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These two last by the Reverend Dr. Stanhope late Dean of Canterbury.



To be the veit Beloved of Saieg,
I vainly thought to be so vain a Thing.
That I, to gratify his lustful Pleasure,
To his Embraces gave my Virgin Treasure.



O pity me, for ever sad my Case is,
Who to obtain a lustful King's embraces,
For such a God my Friends: my Husband

The Unfortunate Concubines.

THE
HISTORY
OF
Fair *ROSAMOND*,
Mistress to *Henry II.*
AND
JANE SHORE,
Concubine to *Edward IV.*
KINGS of ENGLAND.
Shewing how they came to be so.

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30-1-47





T H E P R E F A C E.

NE have a Proverb in England, That many speak of Robin-Hood, that never shot his Bow; The meaning whereof is, That it is common for Persons to have those Men and Women often in their Mouths of whom they know but very little: And this, I doubt not is as true of those two unfortunate Persons, who are the subject of the ensuing History, as of any other whomsoever. They have in general a Notion of 'em, that they were the Concubines of two famous Kings of England: but what was there Original, and by what Artifices they came to be brought into the Royal Arms of the

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respective are altogether Strangers to the
History of. And therefore a full Account
thereof cannot but be the more accep-
table.

But there is another Reason that makes this History more necessary : Which is, will That it is yet recent in the Memories of most, that we have had Royal Misses, ever have liv'd in that Pomp and Splendor, alt (being made Peeresses of the Realm, and holding the first Rank among the Nobility) as if their Honours had legitimated their Crimes : And, that Adultery and Whoredom were no Sins, because 'twas with their Prince that they committed it : 'Twas true indeed, the late Illustrious and Vertuous Queen Katherine was of a milder Temper than Queen Eleanor ; and was not so much disturb'd at the Variety of Misses that were kept under the Nose by King Charles, as the furious Queen Eleanor was with the Fair, (but Unfortunate) Rosamond, tho' her Extraction was more Noble, and her Beauty far transcending that of our late Misses ; And tho' the Royal Misses were a vast Expence in

than the late Reign, yet there was none that
untell foul upon them, after the Death of
those Princes; though I have not heard
that any of them did so much Good, in
the time of their Favour with those Prin-
cesses, as Jane Shore did in that of hers
is, with King Edward the Fourth, unless it
ies was Madam Gwin; who (how mean so-
ever her Extraction was) bore her Ex-
altation with less Pride, and did more
Good in her Station, than any of the rest;
being exceeding Charitable to them that
were in Want, and often refreshing the
Prisoners with her Bounty, and for
that Reason was more acceptable to the
People, than all the other Court-Mistres-
ses, however dignify'd and distinguished
with their high-flown Titles.

Perhaps the Splendor of her Living
and the Port they still bear in the World,
may make others, as well as themselves,
think they were guilty of no Crime; but
them that shall read the following History,
will find that every Miss, how rich or
Poor soever they be, yet if she lives in
Adultery and Whoredom, is as much, if
not,

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not more guilty, than Rosamond and Jane Shore : For of either of these it may may be laid, they sought not the Royal Favour ; but endeavoured to avoid it as much as possible ; and were both of them betrayed by those whom they trusted : King Henry being brought into Rosamond's bed by her Governess Alethea, both without her Knowledge, and even while she was asleep : and as for Jane Shore, none could be more cautious and reserved than she ; blaming her Husband's soft and easie Temper, in boasting of her Beauty, and exposing her to the View of Strangers, and by that means bringing her first into the Presence of the King ; altho' it must be owned he did not know him to be so. And after in the whole Transaction, the false and treacherous Mrs. Blague was more to blame than she.

Not that I hereby go about to excuse either of them as free from blame: For Rosamond was willing to taste the Pleasures of the Court, and yet perhaps believed she could have kept herself from the Pollutions of it. But she before-hand knew the King had a great Kindness for ber

The P R E F A C E. v

her ; and had the fatal Consequence of it too plainly laid before her by her Parents, to make the least Defence for what she did by pleading Ignorance. And as to Mrs. Shore, tho' I believe she never did at first design to go so far as she did afterwards, yet when the King in Disguise met her at Mrs. Blague's, and there purposed to her unlawful Love 'twas a fair Item to her to go there no more : She indeed blamed him for proposing it ; but that was not enough she should have forborn going there again, and staid with her own Husband, and then she had done well. If we would be Innocent, we must not only avoid doing Evil, but all the Ways that lead to it.

Let me therefore commend this History to the serious Perusal of all that would r-void the Occasions of Sin ; for here, they shall see, Lust is a Pleasure bought with Pain, a Delight hatch'd with Disquite, a Content passed with Fear, and a Sin finished with Sorrow.

And if any are so Weak as to be taken with the gaudy Trappings of Royalty, and glittering Pomps of the Court, let 'em read

on

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on, and see the dreadful Catastrophe of this imaginary Greatness, and then let 'em make a Judgment thereof. They that imagine Rosamond happy in her Bower, let them behold her trembling with a Cup of Poison in her Hands, and in vain begging to be deliver'd from that dreadful Draught : And when she had drank it, let them behold the Triumphs of Death over Beauty : And see what Disorders it makes in Nature, how her late beautiful Face is disfigur'd, and the Roses on her Cheeks all dead and withering, her Eyes distorted, and her whole Body swelled up, and labouring under horrid Convulsions : And who would change Conditions with her now ? And yet all this is but the Shell and Out-side, the least part of the Wages of Sin.

And this we ought to be most cautious of, because as the Channels which Rivers have long time maintain'd, are hardly restrain'd of their Course; so Lust, wherein we have been long plagu'd, is hardly purged.

So

The PREFACE.

So whilst some think Jane Shore was happy in being belov'd of King Edward ; and having such Crowds of Petitioners attending her ; yet such will soon Change their Minds, when they come to find her doing Penance through Cheapside, bare Foot and bare Legg'd, and afterwards gladly picking up the Refuse of the Dogs upon the Dunghill, and at last dying in a Ditch.

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THE
History of Fair Rosamond.

C H A P. I.

Of the Parentage and Birth of King Henry the Second, and by what Means he came to the Crown, &c.



KING Henry the First of England, and youngest Son of William the Conqueror, had several Children: to wit, Prince William his eldest Son, and Richard his youngest

Son and *Maud* or *Matilda*, and *Mary* Countess of *Perch*: But by an unhappy Accident lost them all but *Maud*; who being married to the Emperor *Henry* the Fifth of *Germany*, was very happily absent: The Matter was thus: The King having had Wars with the *French* King, and *Baldwin* Earl of *Flanders*, whom the *French* King had set on, (for they were always a back Friend to *England*) there was near the Town of *Nice* a great Battle fought between them, which continued for nine Hours; in which, tho' King *Henry* got the Victory, yet was he so hard put to it, that he professed he fought not then for Victory, so much as for Life. To prevent therefore any more such bloody Battles, whilst he was Victorious, there were Overtures of Peace made him, which he hearkened to; and so it was concluded: To strengthen which, there was a Marriage made between *William* the King's eldest Son, and the Daughter of the Duke of *Anjou*; at the Solemnization whereof, there was very great and royal Feastings: But in their

Return for *England*, the King went first, and his Children in another Ship after him: But some of the Nobles that attended the Princes, staying a little behind the King, to take their Leaves, were very merry with their Friends, and by that Means the Mariners got such Plenty of Wine, that they were for the most part made very drunk; and coming away with full Sail, in Hopes to have overtaken the King, they ran upon the Shallows where the Ship beating along by the Violence of the Wind and Waves founder'd; yet the Prince with his fair Bride, and many others, got into the Long boat, and put off: But to hear the dreadful Cries of those that were left in the Ship and were just a sinking, would have almost pierced a Heart of Stone, especially to consider how soon their Mirth was turned into the most lamentable Mourning: But amongst all their Cries, there was none made so deep an Impression upon the Prince, as those of *Mary*, the Countess of *Percy*, his Sister, whom he dearly loved, who

crying out most piteously to him, to take her in his Boat, and not suffer her to perish in the Waters ; he commanded the seamen to row back and take her in ; which they attempting to do, as soon as they came near, many others who were as willing to save their live as the Prince was his Sister's laying hold of the Boat, and neither Words nor Swords being able to make 'em let go, sunk the Boat, and so they all perished together ; the Prince and his fair Lady making their Bride-bed in a watry Grave ; with him perished also *Richard* his younger Brother, *Mary* the Countess of *Perch*, his sister *Lucia*, his Niece, and her husband, the Earl of *Chester*, with many other Persons of Quality ; leaving behind them a sad Instance of the Mutability of Fortune, and the uncertainty of human Life. There were only three or four of the Seamen that swam to the Shore upon Planks, who were the sad Relaters of this Tragical Snip-wreck, which fill'd the Court with the deepest Mourning, and the whole Nation with an universal Heaviness.

The

The King's Children (all but *Matilda*, before named) being thus unhappily lost, and the Emperor her Husband dying without Children, she was again married to *Jeffery Plantagenet*, Earl of *Anjou* and Heir to *Fulk Earl of Anjou in France*; by whom she had Issue, three Sons, viz. *Henry*, *Jeffery*, and *William*. And now King *Henry* to make the Crown sure to his Daughter and her Children, swore the People of *England* three times to be true and faithful to his Daughter *Maud* and her Heirs, and with their Lives and Estates to oppose their Enemies, and settle the Crown in his Line after his Decease: But he dying and being buried in the Abby of *Reading*, which he had founded, *Stephen*, Earl of *Blois*, Son to *Adelo*, Daughter to *William the Conqueror*, ingratiating himself with the Nobles, and giving large gifts and immunites to those of the lower rank, got himself Crowned King; upon which bloody Wars ensued, till at last it was agreed, That King *Stephen* should have the Crown during his Life and then *Henry* should

succeed; and *Stephen* soon after dying of Grief for the untimely Death of his own Son; *Henry*, who was then victoriously warring in *France*, came over, and was attended by a great Number of the Nobility: and was three Times crowned, viz. by *Theobald*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, at *Westminster*, at *Lincoln*, and lastly, at *Worcester*; and soon after he married the Princess *Eleanor*, Daughter to the King of *Castile* and *Arrogan*, by whom he had four Sons, viz. *Henry*, *Richard*, *Jeffery*, and *John*. And in the beginning of his Reign he made many good Laws, conquer'd *Ireland*, and instituted an Assembly of his Peers, and other chief Men, in the Nature of a Parliament, to settle and manage the Affairs of the Kingdom: Warring often with the *French*, *Scotch*, and *Welch*, as also with his Sons, whom the *French* King stirred up to rebel against him in *Normandy*, and other his Territories beyond the Seas. But to pass over further Matters of State, I now come to speak of his Love to fair *Rosamond*, which is to be the chief Subject-matter of this Book.

C H A P. II.

How King Henry, though married to Queen Eleanor, bearing of the Beauty of Fair Rosamond, became enamour'd of her: How he took a Progress to her Father's House, where he was highly entertain'd; and of his first Courtship to the charming Lady, &c.



King Henry the Second was a very amorous Man, though a great Warrier, and much given to take Delight in the Conversation of fair Ladies, with which his Court abounded, every

one being willing to humour the Inclination of their Prince: And he once taking occasion to commend with a more than ordinary Passion, the excellent Feature of a Lady to one of his Courtiers, whom he highly esteem'd for his Valour, he very freely gave him his Opinion of the Lady in this manner: Your Majesty has indeed Judgment in beauty; the Lady you mention is fair and charming, I must confess: But for a King so highly to extol her, I see no such Perfections in her, that deserves such Praise from so Noble a King: But if with humble Submission I may speak, I could tell your Majesty, I've a Niece, tho' but young, who, in my small Judgment of Beauty, as far surpasses this Lady, as she excels the meanest beauty of your Court; her Eyes sparkle like two Twin-stars, with such piercing Rays that dazel those that venture to gaze on 'em; her Fore-head is like a Heaven of Chrystal above 'em; and her Eye-brows shine like Jet, and are arched like the Rainbow; a Spring of Roses and lillies are in her Cheeks, so mixed, that kind Nature never

ver beforemade so fair a Mixture of the purest White and Red; her Nose a little rising exceeds that which *Apelles* painted *Venus* with, as the cheifest Ornamen tof her Beauty ; her Lips exceed the Coral whenever so finely polished, soft as the Crimson Velvet, hiding two Rows of Orient Pearl ; her Chin, which with a little Dimple adds Beauty to the rest, and makes her Face a perfect oval; her rising Breasts are like two Hills of Snow, and her pretty hands excel in Whitenes the Alabastar, and so spread and branched with various Veins of Azure, that the Motion of the Blood in'em may be seen thro' the soft transparent Skin : To be brief, she is the Master-piece of Nature, who when she made her, cry'd, *A hirky Hit*, and threw away the Mould, that none so lovely, fair and charming might come after, to dazel the Eyes of Men, and wound their Hearts. The King hearing this Relation, could not but smile with Joy, and demanded of him in what Corner of the Kingdom so great a Beauty could be hid ; and if he might not see her to be satisfied whether the De-

scription he had given, would agree to fir
the Person ; or whether his Affection m
didn't wrong his Judgment ? To this C
the Courtier, who perceived he had sh
gone too far, and that the King began SK
to be enamoured on the bare Report, W
would fain have drawn in his Words sin
again ; but it was now too late, nor K
did he know how to excuse what he T
had said : However here ply'd, He ar
indeed had made this Relation only to set a
out a perfect Beauty to the Life ; beg- sle
ging his Pardon and Excuse : But the to
King perceiving by the Coldness of his an
Reply, there was more than ordinary in ar
it, grew angry, and told him he trifled fa
with him, and charged him on his Al- C
legiance to tell him the Truth : when th
fearing the King's Displeasure, the fe
Courtier plainly said, There is such a h
Lady, Daughter to *Walter Lord Clifford*, se
and of my Sister, his Lady, living at A
Godstow in *Oxfordshire*, of whom many to
worthy Persons have been enamour'd, in
and sought her in Marriage ; but have in
been refused, because her tender Heart th
is yet uncapable of Love ; and this I af- li
firm

to firm is the Truth, on the Forfeiture of
on my Head: As for the Name of this fair
his Creature, it is *Rosamond*; and indeed
had she is rightly nam'd, for she is, if I have
Skill in Beauty, the peerless Rose of the
World. While they were thus discour-
sing, Queen *Eleanor* came to visit the
King, which broke off any further
Talk about her; nor needed the King
any more, for his heart was possess'd with
a Desire to see her, that he could hardly
sleep a Nights for thinking of her.

It was not long e're the King resolv'd
to invite himself to her Father's House;
and to that end took a Progress into Ox-
~~fordshire~~, attended only with some trusty
Courtiers, and was highly welcom'd by
the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady, who
fearing what his Design was, ordered
their Daughter not to appear iu his Pre-
sence: But the King ordering one of his
Attendants to enquire of the Servants
to know if she was at home; and find-
ing she was, demanded to see her, vow-
ing he would not dine till he had. So
that all their Excuses of Illnes, and the
like availed nothing; then she was

ordered to put on her best Apparel and came down, that she might pay her Dato to the King : which she did in the most courtly Manner, her Blushes, if possible, adding to her Beauty : So that at the first Sight she appear'd in his Eyes like an Angel whereupon he eagerly saluted her; and Dinner being placed on the Table, he commanded she should sit down, causing her to be placed directly over against him, on whose pretty Eyes he so long gazed, that he forgot often-times to eat, taking in a long Draught of Love, which in the End, proved the Ruin of Fair *Rosamond*, by the Jealousy of his furious Queen, as in the Sequel of this History will appear.

C H A P. III.

How King Henry won the Love of Fair Rosamond by rich Presents, and bribed her Governess to favour his Designs: How he went to France to subdue his Foes; the Letters that passed between him and his Mistress, with other Matters.



THE King having been highly entertained by the Lord Chifford, Father to fair Rosamond for three Days together, he had several Opportunities to discourse in private with the charm-

charming Virgin, whom he so much won upon with Presents of rich Jewels, and other costly Things, that he raised an Ambition in her tender Breast, that before was a Stranger to it, to glitter near a Throne, though but in a Tincil Splendor; for she was not ignorant he was already married, and that his Queen she could not be; tho' he often protested, if that Vacancy happen'd, he would raise her to the Dignity of the Crown. He also bestow'd his Gold liberally on her Tutoress, or Woman, who had the Care of her Education; which so blinded her Eyes, and prevailed over her Conscience, that she promised him to do all that was in her Power with the young Lady, to further his wished for Happiness. And so having given Store of Gold to all the Servants, he took his Leave of his fair Mistress with many endearing Kisses; which he had no sooner done, but that he heard Troubles were again risen in his Territories beyond the Seas, which required his Presence to allay and settle.

The

The King soon raising a gallant Army, passed into *France*, the Terror of whose Name so daunted his Enemies, that they quickly fled, leaving the towns and Places they had surprized to his Obedience. Yet in the midst of Wars, Blood, and Slaughter, his Love prevailed, and made him write to Fair *Rosamond* in these Words :

Fair Lady,

Inspired by the Remembrance of your incomparable Beauty, to which your King is a Captive ; I have nevertheless made my Enemies feel the Effects of my Anger and mourn in Tears of Blood, my hasty parting from you, my Guardian Angel, whose bright Idea being still before me, made me a Conqueror wheresoever I came : 'Tis you whom I hold dearer than all the Glories of a Crown : Permit me, fair One, to assure you, my Stay shall not be long, and when I return, I'll place you in a glittering Sphere above the Reach of those you dread. In the mean while, let a languishing King prevail in his Suit,

when

*wken he begs a Line or two of Comfort
from your dear Hand.*

H E N R Y, R.

This Lettersomewhat surprized the young Lady, and filled her with Fears and Irresolutions not well knowing how she should behave herself in so weighty a Matter, nearly concerning her good Name, Fame and Chastity ; yet the glittering Prcspect of Greatness and Honour pleadingon the otherHand, she resolved to shew it to her Tutorers, who had not been negligent in soliciting her to accept of the King's Love and Favour, as he had left directions with her to do ; expecting hereby Advancement to herself, if she should but be effectually instrumental in bringing it to pass.

She no sooner read the Letter, but, smilling in her Face, said, My dear Child, You may now well see, that all the happy Constellations agree, that so excellent a Beauty as yours, must not be enjoy'd by a mean Person ; you're made for a Queen and

and in yielding now to Fortune promised, is a large Step towards a Throne: You may perceive a *Jove* is descending in a Golden Shower, to make you rich and glorious as *Diana*, tho' she was the Daughter of a King. Lay aside your Blushes, and send him a comfortable Answer: Let not too much Modesty hinder you of so great an Honour, as being the Mistress of so noble a King.

This made her blushes come and go, long struggling within her till at last this crafty Matron used so many pressing Argumets, that she returned the following Answer.

Great Sir,

T'Was with no small Astonishment I read a Letter subscribed with your royal name and sent to me, as I suppose from your own Hand; but am altogether ignorant of any such Power in me, as to make a captive of a King: But could not, I confess read without some Pleasure, that my Idea, as your Majesty is pleased to flatter me, should have an Influence in making our Majesty a Conqueror over your Enemies,

mies. Yes, may it please your Majesty, I
cannot but interest my self so much in your no
Affairs, as to rejoice when you are Victo- ser
rious, and be glad of your Succes's. But as th
to my being plac'd in a glittering Sphere, on
above the reach of those I dread, I neither san
understand it, nor dare I give myself the spe
Liberty of thinking what your Majesty's
Meaning may be therein: But as I know I
deserve no such Promotion, so neither do
I desire it: And as my own Innocency, so
your Majesty's Royal Goodness is sufficient
to keep me from any thing intended by it,
that is incompatible with the strictest
Rules of Honour and Virtue, And there-
fore praying for your Majesty's Happiness,
Prosperity and safe Return. I beg leave
with the humblest Submission, to subscribe
my self,

May it please your M A J E S T Y,
Your ever Dutiful, and
most Obedient Subject,
and humble Vassal,

R O S A M O N D

Ha.

Having got this Letter from the innocent young Lady, she took care to send it safely to the King, according to the Directions left her, inclosing it in one write by herself to the King, at the same time, unknown to *Rosamond*, which spoke the following Language.

To the K I N G.

Dread Sovereign,

Both my own Inclinations to serve your Majesty, as well as my Duty, and your Majesty's royal Bounty, has made me leave no Stone unturn'd to make fair Rosamond's hiterto inflexible Virtue give Place to your Majesty's Pleasure; nor have the Pains I have taken been altogether without Effect, as your Majesty will see by the Inclosed, which I have persuaded her to write to your Majesty; which being her first Essay, is sufficient to demonstrate, that she has no Aversion for your Majesty; which tho' it seems not to promise much, yet I doubt not to cultivate it to a Passion worthy of so great a Prince as you Majesty; for your Majesty will easily discern, that there

there are some Sparks of Affection couch'd now
therein, which will use all the means that
lie in my Power to blow up into a violent G-
Flame : For that she may meet you with ha-
open Arms, to give you that Satisfaction fro-
which your Majesty so earnestly desires m-
shall be the unwearied Endeavour of,

Your Majesty's obedient,
dutiful Subject and Servant,

A L E T H E A.

The King having receiv'd the Letter, first read that of *Althea*, fair *Rosamond's* Governess, till he came to these Words. *As your Majesty will see by the Inclosed*; and then flinging that out of his Hand, greedily takes up the other, (which was *Rosamond's*) and reads it over and over; then kisses it, and reads it again; and then lays it down, and reads out *Alethea's*, and then takes up *Rosamond's*, and reads it again: And is it so, says the King! Does *Rosamond* rejoice in my Success, and pray for my Prosperity, and safe Return? Then she's my

own

cb'down ; and when I do return, I'll let her
that konw in more endearing Terms, the
lent Greatness of the Passion in my Breast I
with have, and what Returns I do expect
tion from her. And to that purpose I'll soon
ires make an End of all that Busines that
detains me here :

*All other Love's henceforward I'll decline.
For now the Rose of all the World is mine.*

A.

Pleased with these Thoughts, the King
made all the haste he could to put an
End to those Affairs that kept him then
in Normandy : But notwithstanding all
Endeavours to return suddenly Home,
the unnatural and rebellious Carriage
of his Children, kept him much lon-
ger there than he intended.

C H A P.

WILL.
Lynob

C H A P. IV.

*How the Lady Clifford discovered the ha-
t Love that the King had for her Daugh-
ter; and after a severe Reprimand gi-
ven to Rosamond, sent her away in am-
private. How the King having got in-
telligence where she was, caused her to
be brought to Court, &c.*



THE King's Affairs keeping him in Normandy longer than he expected, it happened that the Lady Clifford going into her Daughter's Closet, accidentally espy'd the King's Letter to Ro-

Rosamond

Samond; at which being extreamly surpriz'd, as knowing nothing of what
they had passed between them, called her
youthful Daughter to her, and asked her what
the Meaning of that Letter was? Rosamond was as much surpriz'd at that
Question, as her Mother was at the Letter,
being put to such a Non-plus that
she knew not what to Answer; and
therefore made her Blushes pass for one.
Her Lady Mother taking her Silence
for an Argument of her Guilt, took the
Letter in her Hand, and went immediately to her Husband the Lord Clifford,
who had a very tender Love for Rosamond; and shewing him the Letter, he
was exceedingly disturb'd thereat; and
so they both together went to their
Daughter's Chamber, and upbraiding
her for being a strumpet to the King,
and taking away clearly the Comfort
of their Lives, who looked upon her as
their cheifest Treasure, she kneeled
down upon her knees, and solemnly
protested to them, that she was still a
pure and an unblemish'd Virgin, and
that she never yet had given up herself
unto

unto the King's Embraces, or those of any other Person whatsoever: This Solemn Protestation that she made, somewhat appeas'd her Father's Anger, who was afraid it had been worse: and seeing she persisted in the Truth of what she said, he bid her for the Satisfaction of his Mind, to tell the naked Truth, and let him know how'twas she came by such a Letter. To which he answers thus:

' My Lord and Father, I must confess
' the King has made Love to me; nor
' could I well avoid the hearing of it;
' For when he was so nobly treated
' here, how could I chuse but entertain
' him civilly; and tho' I must confess
' he gave me several Jewels of great
' Value, I thought they only were the
' Testimonies of that Respect he paid
' your Daughter, and not of any Love
' he had to me, till the last Day I saw
' him; and then indeed he told me,
' That if his Queen should die, no other
' Person under Heaven, should fill her
' Place but me. But I excused myself
' if ever it should happen so, as being
' a poor silly Maid, and far unfit for
 such

of such a Prince's Bed. Nor did I hear more of him, untill within this Fortnight this Letter was presented to me by an unknown Hand, as I was going to the Chapel ; not knowing it was from the King till I had read it, which whilst I was a doing, the Messenger withdrew himself. And now, my honoured Father, I do desire to know wherein I am Criminal, unless it be in not acquainting you I had received a Letter from him?

Her Father having heard her, thus reply'd, ' My only Child, my dearest Rosamond, the Staff and Comfort of thy Father's Age, I am glad to find thou still art Innocent : Let me advise thee Child to have a Care, and keep thyself Unspotted as thou art : Gaze not too much on the bright Sun of Honour lest it should make thee blind to thy own Destruction ; for shouldst thou come to glitter near the Throne it would be only with a faint Reflection, that would have in it neither Life nor Heat. What Honour would it be to have it said, That Rosamond's King

‘ Henry’s Concubine, and for unlawful
‘ Love has lost his Virtue ? Consider,
‘ Child, if Chastity begone, there’s no
‘ thing left Praise-worthy in a woman:
‘ Pride not thyself in being Beautiful,
‘ ’tis falsly called so, if thou art not
‘ Chaste; for though thy Body appear
‘ ne’er so fair, yet without Chastity, it
‘ cannot be beautiful. Beauty is like
‘ the Flowers of the Spring, fair to the
‘ Sight, yet quickly fad away; but
‘ Chastity, is like the Stars of Heaven,
‘ that always shine with a resplendent
‘ Brightness. There is a Difference be-
‘ tween Love and Lust, for one is as
‘ far distant from the other, as Heaven
‘ is from Hell. And all the King’s Ad-
‘ dressess unto thee, are the Effects o
‘ Lust, and not of Love ; he has a Queen
‘ to whom his Love is due ; and think
‘ what jealous Rage will fill her Breast
‘ when she shall know thou robb’st her
‘ of the King : For Jealousy is a Hell
‘ to the Mind, and a Terror to the
‘ Conscience, surpassing Reason, and
‘ inciting Rage. Think then my Child
‘ what it is thou canst expect, in thy

‘ un

ful unlawful Love or rather Lust : Thou
er, wilt be sure to lose thy Virtue, and
no Honour, thy Chastity, thy Reputa-
an: tion, and which is most, perhaps thy
ful, Life ; and which is most of all, thy
not Soul, without Repentance. If there-
ear fore thou wilt change thy Virgin-state,
y, it I will take care to get a Husband
ike for thee, with whom thou may'st live
the honestly ; and that perhaps may be
but a Means to quench that Fire of Lust
en thy Beauty may have kindled in the
en King, and make the safe, and us
be thy Parents easy.

Fair *Rosamond* gave great Attention
to her Father's Words, assuring them
with great Assverations, that she wou'd
to the utmost of her Power, avoid
what're should be displeasing to them.
But that as to the changing her Condi-
tion, she humbly did desire to be ex-
cused, for that she had a Mind to live a
Virgin.

Her Mother thereupon said, ' *Rosa-*
' *mond*, it would be much more to
' my Satisfaction, and to your Father's
' too, to see you married, for then I
C 2 could

‘ could believe you out of Danger ; and
‘ you will know my Lord *FitzWalters*
‘ has a Passion for you, a Nobleman
‘ if an Illustrious Family, as Wealthy
‘ too as most Lords in the Kingdom ;
‘ your Father would be glad of such a
‘ Son-in-law, and so should I, to see
‘ you so well married ; and therefore
‘ do not stand in your own Light, lest
‘ you thereby do make us both believe
‘ you have too great a kindness for the
‘ king.

To this *Rosamond* answered, She should be willing to give them all the Satisfaction they desir'd; but hop'd they would not put her upon Courting my Lord *Fitz Walters*, however well accomplished he might be ; but that it was enough for her to entertain him when he came to Court her. Her Fatheer told her, as to that, he would take care that all things should be managed to her Satisfaction ; but when he came to Court her, he expected that she should treat him as a Person worthy of her Love, for he should measure the Duty that she paid to him, by the Respect she gave

gave to that young Gentleman. To which she only answered, *she hoped she should in no respect be wanting in her Duty.*

But while the good Lord *Clifford* and his Lady were pleased in their design'd disposal of their Daughter, king *Henry* was returned from *Normandy*, having concluded all his Business there, and made a Peace with *France* and with his Sons. This made fair *Rosamond* very indifferent to the Lord *Fitz-Walters*, who by Permission of her Father courted her; so that she told him plainly, she had a greater kindness for him than to expose him to the king's Resentments: For she was sure whoever courted her, must undergo the Anger of the king. And this was such a Blow to the young Lord, as quickly cool'd his Courage, for that he had no mind to have the king his Rival. But e'er he went away, he told her Father how he had been dismissed by *Rosamond*; who then perceiving there was no trusting unto what she said, resolv'd to take another Course with her, and

save her from impending Ruin, tho' L
against her Will ; and to that End in the
two Days Time, ordered a Coach and six
Horses to be ready, and every Thing was
prepared for a long Journey ; and calld in
ling then for *Alethea*, fair *Rosamond*'s Be
false Governess, of whom they them
had not the least Mistrust, told her my
their Thoughts of the King's Love to *Rosamond*, and to what Misery 'twould
expose her to ; (at which he shewed it
most extream Surprize) and told her
That in order to prevent it, they woul. So
have her married to the Lord *FitzKi*
Walters, who, as she knew, had lately
courted her ; and then in what a Maner
she dismissed him : And here *Alethea*
thought it time for her to speak
little, lest too much Silence should be
tray her Falshood ; and therefore tolunt
them, *She often wonder'd why she treateston*
that young nobleman with so much coldness disf
as she'd seen her do : And once, said *sheare*
I took Occasion to tell her of it : Madam Me
*said I, I think you treat your Lover bu**Car*
indifferently. As he deserves, said *she*
to me. Deserves ! said I, I think m
Lor

Fair Rosamond. 31

no Lord *Fitz Walter* deserves a Lady of
in the greatest Fortune in the Kingdom,
and because his Person and Estate will an-
swere it. Your Judgment and mine
cal differs, *Alethea*, said she to me again :
Besides I think my Beauty may deserve
more than another's Fortune, although
my own is not contemptable. In short,
e to do expect a better Husband.

O Alethea ! said the old Lord to her,
ed it was the King that Rosamond intend-
ned ; Ambition has the Ascendant of her
oul Soul : And nought will serve her but the
King's Embraces : This is the Thing that
telle we would not prevent, and, honest
ian Alethea, thou must help us in it And
Aletherefore Thou and she, to Morrow
ak Morning, must with all Privacy imagi-
nable, depart from hence to Cornwall,
to unto a Kinsman's there, near to Lance-
atenton ; there she may live in Private un-
ness discovered, and until the King's Affections
sheare diverted, and placed upon me other
am Meretricious Beauty. And for your
bu Care in the attending of her, and watching
shef her Waters, as we say, thou shalt
not

‘ not only have our Thanks, but b
‘ but well rewarded also.

I will be sure, said she, to do my Duty, and think you take the wiser Course to save your Daughter both from shame and Ruin.

With that, the good old Lord presented her with some broad Pieces of old Gold as a reward, as she thought of her faithfulness. And the next Morning, *Rosamond* and her Governess, or Woman, coached it away for Cornwall, and in a few Days came to her kinsman's House, where they were well received.

But when the Wolf is set to keep the Sheep, they are not very long like to be safe : For *Alethea*, bribed largely by King *Henry*, was all this while the grand Intreaguer in this Love-affair ; who took an Opportunity of sending to the king a large Account of all Things that had passed ; and how far they were sent to take the Air; and she to Watch the Waters of fair *Rosamond*.

King *Henry* having this Intelligence, and thereby understanding how Things went.

went, resolved to have her out o all their Hands ; and thereupon sent for her Uncle to come to him presently : Who being come he told him he had a Piece of Service to command him in, which he would expect to be most punctually obeyed. Her Uncle told him, he hop'd he would not question his Allegiance, nor the Performance of his Duty to him ; And therefore humbly did beseech his Majesty to let him know what service it was to do.

'Tis, said the king, to go immediately to Cornwall, where at your kinsman's near Lanceston you'll find your beauteous kinswoman fair Rosamond; present her with this Jewel from me ; and use your Best endeavour to bring her to my Court, without her parents knowledge.

Her Uncle seem'd a Little startl'd, at a command so far from what he did expect, which when the King observ'd, Ho, my Lord, said he, have I shock'd ye then ? Where's your Allegiance now ?

Here in my Heart, reply'd her Uncle, where it has always been ; of which your Majesty shall soon be satisfied, by

my Obedience. For he was loth the King should think he was unwilling to obey him, lest he should thereby incur his Displeasure, and run the Risque of having those great Offices he held under the King took from him: 'Twas only for the Sake of those he undertook the ungrateful Service which the King imposed upon him.

Having received the King's Commands, away he goes to *Cornwal*, where finding of his *Kinwoman*, according as the King had told him, he made as if he had called there by Accident, having come down about some other Business: Then told her how exceeding glad he was to find her there. And after some jocose Discourse together, asked her, if she'd go up with him to Court, for he was sure the King would make her welcome: which tho' he only spoke to feel her Pulse, he found her willing to accept his Offer; and therefore without any more ado, provided for her Journey a very noble Chariot; and so attended with her Governess, and a few trusty Servants, he brought her,

to the Court, and put her in those private Lodgings which where before appointed by the King for her Reception,

Her Uncle having acquainted the King that she was come, and how he had disposed of her, he came that very Night to give her a Visit.

And seeing now that Beauty in its full Bloom, which was but blooming when he saw her last, he was surpriz'd with Wonder and Amazement: And *Rosamond*, knowing it was the King, as she was kneeling down upon her Knees, he runs and takes her up, with this Exordium :

O Fairest of Creatures under Heaven!
kneel not to me, for thy excellent Beauty,
Commands all Knees and Hearts to Bow
to the: Then Kissing her, as if he would have sucked away her Breath.
Welcome to me, said he, my sweetest
Rose: welcome to Henry's Court, my
dearest Rosamond: All here, my Rosamond,
is at thy Command; for I no Servant have but what is thine. Then say
my sweetest Rose, what is it here that
thou wilt ask of Henry!

The

Then being silent, as expecting her Reply, *Rosamond* answer'd thus:

' Under the Frowns of my offended Parents, I beg Protection at your Roy-
ly Hand, and that within your Court
I may be Free.

' Free, said the King : Alas, my *Rosa-
mond*, 'tis I have reason to make that
Petition; for you have long since made
your King a Captive.

' Pardon me, gracious Sovereign,
reply'd *Rosamond*, for if I've guilty
been of such a Crime, I'm sure it was
a Sin of Ignorance.

To which the King reply'd, 'Ah *Rosamond*! You've made me Captive, but without a Crime; for 'tis your Beauty has inthrawled my Heart ; that wondrous Beauty that's without a Parallel. And as for that Protection which you beg, King *Henry* tells you, that you may command it ; and 'tis the highest Reason that you should. But tell me *Rosamond*, wherein could you, whose very Thoughts are always Pure and Chaste, unto your Parents give the least Offence ?

' Dread

‘ Dread Sir, reply’d fair Rosamond, again, my very being here is an Offence, I came unto your Court without their Leave ; and for that reason your Protection ask.’

To which the King return’d, ‘ I have already said, You shall command it, But sure, continued he, your Parents were i’th’ Wrong, to hinder you from coming to the Court : Where should the peerless Son of Beauty shine, but at the Court, its true Meridian ? And to shut up those Beams within a Corner that should inlighten and irradiate the whole Kingdom, must needs be a great Error. However, Rosamond, here you are safe ; for any he, let it be whom he will, may as well take the Crown from off my Head, or pluck me from the Throne whereon I sit, as offer the least Injury to you ; and I’ll as much resent it. ’

To which fair Rosamond only reply’d, I thank your Gracious Majesty, and will henceforth esteem myself secure, under your Promised Protection.

This Discourse having pass’d, a shor

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Collation ensued, wherein the King shewed himself extreamly pleas'd; and *Rosamond* herself seem'd very well contented. After Supper the King told her, that in regard of the Fatigues of her Journey, he would give her no farther Disturbance that Night; but would suddenly visit her again, and so charg'ing her Uncle to have a particular Regard to her, and see that she wanted nothing she desired, he took his Leave of her for that Time.

Alethea, who was her Governess, was with her still, and did all she could to persuade her to yield to the King's Embraces: But *Rosamond* seemed averse to what her Father had before said to her, running in her Mind. However, she dress'd herself with all the Gallantry imaginable, according to the Mode of that Age; and the King having made her a Present of some very rich Jewels, she wore 'em all, to make herself appear more Beautiful and Glorious: Tho' to speak truth, her native Beauty was sufficient, without any Helps from Art, to charm the Greatest Monarch in the world.

And

And now the King, who had two or three times visited *Rosamond* as a Friend, began to be impatient of Delay, and thought it was high Time to have some close Conversation with her. And therefore coming one Evening to see her, (for he generally visited her in an Evening, for the greater Privacy) he accosted her in these Terms:

I have hitherto flatter'd myself, my sweetest Rosamond, that you have had a kindness for me, but now I begin to find I was mistaken: for I too plainly see you have no Regard for me.

How, said Rosamond, somewhat surpriz'd: Can your Majesty think I have no regard for my Protector, under whose Royal Court I live here secretly? If I have any way been wanting in my Duty, or given your Majesty just Occasion for such Thoughts, pray let me know it, that I may better pay your Majesty the Duty that I owe you. But notwithstanding what you have deen pleased to say, I hardly can believe your Majesty does think so.

* How

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How

‘ How is it possible, reply’d the king, I
‘ can think otherwise, when I’ve been
‘ your Captive, and yet you never go
‘ about to set me free? Have not I of-
‘ ten told you, You have wounded me,
‘ and yet you never go about to apply
‘ that Sovereign Balm, by which my
‘ Wounds are only capable of being
‘ cur’d? And is not this next to a De-
‘ monstration that you have but little
‘ Kindness for me?

To this fair *Rosamond*, with Blushes
that still render’d her more fair, replied
as follows : ‘ Your Majesty is pleased
to speak to me in Figures, but I am
but a simple Maid, and cannot under-
stand ’em. So far you seem to me
from being Captive, that you appear
the only Man that’s free. For were
it otherwise, I’d make myself a Cap-
tive to procure your Liberty, if that
could do it. And did I see you wound-
ed, if my own Blood could cure you,
you should have it. Therefore, Great
Sir, I would not have you charge me
so unjustly : For whilst you are at
Liberty, and Well, I do not see in
what

what is it that I can serve your Majesty. '

To this fetching a sigh, the king made this reply. ' Ah, *Rosamond*! I know you understand me well enough; but who's more blind, than they that will not see: But since you force me to speak plainly, know it is your Beauty that has wounded me; and 'tis your Charms makes me a Captive to you, Love calls for Love; nor can my Wounds be cur'd without Enjoyment, if therefore you have that regard for me, your Words would seem to intimate, shew that is real, by admitting me to your embraces, and granting me the full Fruition of your Love.'

Rosamond seemed extreamly disorder'd at what the king said last, and rising up was going to kneel down, but the king would not suffer her, but plucked her up again and said, ' kneel not, my dearest *Rosamond*; it is I should kneel to thee. I only ask—'

Here *Rosamond* interrupting him, said, Ask for my Life, Great Sir, and you shall

shall have it; or any thing that's in my Power to give; But ask not for my Honour, nor to give up my Virgin Jewel; for that's so precious, and so Valuable, I can never part with it, but to a Husband. My Outward Form, is but the Casket only; 'tis Virtue is the Jewel, and when that's gone, what Worth is in the other? Not a poor Peasant would esteem of that; much less is it a Present for a King. Nor would your Majesty, if I should part with it, regard me afterwards but as a Strumpet. She that has lost her Honour, is but a faded Flower, how Gay soever she appeared before; and like a clouded Diamond, of no Value. 'Tis

Virtue only is the precious Jewel that

ever shines with an unclouded Lustre.

— — — — — And then kneeling down, said thus: Then let me beg you, Sir, to

ask no more, for that which I can never grant but to a Husband.

The King was mightily surprized to hear such Words from *Rosamond*, of whom he thought he should have made

an

an easy Conquest: And was as much in love with her good Parts and Virtue, as he was with her Beauty. But as he knew Stones with continual Dropping of the Water wear away, so he never doubted but with repeated Solicitations, he might at last overcome this stubborn Beauty. And therefore unto what she had last said, he thus reply'd :

Think not, my *Rosamond*, that it is Lust which makes me solicit for Enjoyment: No, no my Love is no such smoaky Fire, but burns as clear as Vestals at the Altar ; nor would I, as you say, receive that Gift that Virtue could not give me. Kings have you know, a peculiar Prerogative, and move in Spheres above the common Rank. Their Priviledge it is to have many Wives, when Subjects are by Law confined to one: And therefore tho' my *Eleanor* be Queen, yet *Rosamond* shall reign as well as she, and ever in my Heart command as Chief. We will be married first, my *Rosamond*, and to then I hope you will not scruple it.

I know not, Sir, said *Rosamond*, whether

t her or no it be a lawful thing to marry one that has a wife already ; but if that can be prov'd, I've nothing to object ; for I have no Aversion to your Person, nay let me tell you, I have a Value for you above others, both as you are a Man, and much more as you are my king and Sovereign.

The king then gave her several kisses, with many Promises to make her Happy, if she agreed to what he had propos'd. And having left Rosamond, he goes to Alethea, her Governess, for whom he had yet a great Respect and told her what Repulses he had meet withal from Rosamond, instead of that Enjoyment he expected. Alethea, as one that was Case harden'd in Wickedness, told the King, That if his Majesty pleased to follow her humble Advice he shoul not enter into any further Parlies with her, but that he should find a far nearer Way to the Happiness he desired for as to being Married, it would be both a dilatory Thing, and of no Avail when it was done, as she intended to inform Rosamond.

But what is the Way then that you would advise to? said the King to her.

May it please your Majesty, said *Alethea*, the Way that I would have you to take is this: That you should come in to my Chamber to Morrow Night, a little before Bed-time; and I will leave you there alone a-while, till I have got my Lady *Rosamond* to Bed; and where-as I lie with her every Night, I will delay the time of my going to Bed as I sometimes do, till she's asleep; and then I will bring your Majesty into the Chamber, and you shall go to Bed to her in my stead; and I doubt not but before the Morning Light, your Majesty will so well satisfy her, that all her Anger will be over; and for the future your Admittance will be easy.

The King was very well pleas'd with this Contrivance of *Alethea*, and as a Token thereof, presented her with a rich diamond Ring, and told her, he would follow her Advice; and be with her incognito the next Night.

Alethea going afterwards to *Rosamond*, she told her what had passed between the

the King and her, and how the King had promised to marry her: And asked, whether such a Marriage would stand good? *Alethea* told her, No; and that it would but injure Queen *Eleanor* the more against her; For, said she, Kings may indeed be allowed Concubines, but not more Wives than one: And tho' Concubines are not married, yet are they counted next in Honour to the Queen, and take Place of all the Nobility.

Rosamond was pretty well pleased to hear this, for Ambition had a great Affendant over her Soul: She was willing to be Great, but loath to be thought a Whore: And therefore could not tell how to brook the thoughts of the King's Lying with her; and therefore had a mind to have gone back again to *Cornwall*, rather than suffer herself to be deflowered by the King. But *Alethea* told her she was safe enough where she was, and to be sure the King would do nothing to displease her. Whereupon she resolved to wait, and see what wou'd be the Issue of her last Conference with the King.

The next Evening the King came to *Alethea* according to his Time, to whom *Alethea* told what Discourse she had had with *Rosamond*; and how she had talk'd of going back into the Country: But, I hope, said she, your Majesty will make her of another Mind before to Morrow Morning.

You may be sure, said the King, I won't be wanting on my Part. And thereupon *Alethea* went to get *Rosamond* to Bed, as she was wont to do: And in about an Hours Time, (which the King's Impatience of Delay made him think an Age) she came back again to the King, and told him, That if he pleased to follow her, she would bring him to *Rosamond* who was a Bed ad a and asleep.

The King needed no Perswasions to follow her, but went with her immediately to her Chamber, there soon was disrobed himself; and *Alethea*, taking no her leave of him, and left him to manage his Busines with *Rosamond*, according to his own Discretion.

The King having shut the Door, and lock'd

locked it after *Alethea*, went into Bed to *Rosamond*, who was fast a sleep, not dreaming of the treacherous Part that *Alethea* play'd. The King not willing presently to wake his charming Mistress, lay still ; but lying closer to her than *Alethea* used to do, she waked of herself, and not knowing but it was *Alethea* that was in her Bed I prithee, Governess, (said she, for so she used to call her, and such she thought she was) lie further off a little, you crowd so close, as if you'd thrust me out of Bed.

And now the King thought it a proper time to speak to her, and let her know who 'twas that was her Bed-fellow : And thereupon bespeak he thus , My dearest *Rosamond* ; 'Tis not your Governess, it is your King that lies so close to you (and thereupon embraced her in his Arms) and sure you need not fear that I would thrust you out of Bed.

It is not easy to imagine how great was the Surprize that *Rosamond* was at this Discovery ; and fain she would have gotten out of Bed : but the King held her fast, and would n't let her go

o Sir said she, I could not think you
ot would have served me thus, when you
at assured me, that in the Court I should be
g safe and free.

Yes said the King, I know I promi-
erred it; and you shall find, that to a Tit-
of de I will make good my Word for you
as shall be as free and as safe as ever.

if it be so, said *Rosamond*, pray let
to me go, and give me leave to rise.

No, said the King, then I should break
so my Word; you cannot be more safe than
in my Arms; For now I am sure no-
thing can injure you.

O Sir, consider, she reply'd again, what
can be more injurious to poor *Rosamond*,
than thus to have her Honour taken
from her?

Your Honour, said the King! I am the
fountain of all Honour here; and what
take, I can restore again: Nor can
what I shall do, be in the least imputed
to you; for it is I alone am the Ag-
ressor; and therefore if it be a Fault,
is wholly mine; you are but passive
King it.

*Come then, thou Rose o'th' World; be no more coy
 But Love's Delights let's mutually enjoy:
 The preious Minutes let's no longer waste,
 But Love's delicious Sweets let's freely taste.
 The Night will all thy conscious Blushes hide,
 Imagine now that thou art Henry's Bride,
 Who'll thee prefer 'fore all the World beside.*

Rosamond now found Resistance would be in vain, and that since Things were gone so far, she had better oblige the King, than to deny him that which he would take whether she would or no. And thereupon, without resisting any farther, suffered the King to do what he pleased; which pleased the King D. well, that before the Morning Light appeared, he pleased fair *Rosamond* also, and their pleasing Embraces at last lene them asleep in one anothers Arms, until the Sun peeped in to see what the R. were a doing, which having first awaked fair *Rosamond*, she was surprized to find herself naked in the King's Armes, which summon'd up the Blood into her Face, and added a fresh Beauty to her Charms. The King perceiving her somewhat disordered, gave her go-

Wor

Words to keep her spirits up ; saying,
My Rosamond, as thou hast thus ob-
liged me, doubt not but I will be always
true to thee. Thou shalt want nothing
in my Power to give : Thou hast made
me happy, though against thy Will ; and
to requite thee I will willingly make thee
ouſt, if all that I possess is capable of doing
wert. And thereupon sealing his Pro-
mises with many kisses, he once more
quenched his amorous Flames with
r noſtantial Joys.

For a Time these two happy Lovers
whoften met and enjoyed their wanton-
ing Dalliances in private ; but the Envy of
Ligſome Court-ladies, to whom the King
had been wont to shew the same Kind-
leneſs finding themſelves now neglected
for this peerleſs Beauty, being fill'd with
the Revenge and Indignation, did by their
wakſecret Whispers ſoon spread abroad the
King's Familiarity with *Rosamond*, not
Armonly in the Court, but Country alſo
to hſo that the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady,
to h*Rosamond's* Father and Mother, heard
it with much Grief; and thoſe that had
go
Wor
D 2
been

been her Suiters, where almost distract-
ed, seeing they had irreparable lost
their Hopes of enjoying so precious a
Jewel, seeing she was now mounted on
so high a Pinacle of Honour, that she
was got above their reach. And the
King, who knew his Love to be no
longer Secret, not only smiled at the
Complaints, and bitter Reproches of
his jealous Queen; but because his fair
Mistress to be sumptuously Attired, ap-
pointing Servants to attend and wait
upon her where-ever she went; so that
being decked in Silks, and Gold Em-
broideries, and Gems, she dazzled the
Eyes of all Beholders, who could easily
distinguish between fair *Rosamond* and
all the other Beauties of the Court; she
as far out-shining them, as the bright
Beams of *Phœbus*, out vies pale *Cy-*
thia's Light, insomuch that the Beau-
ty of *Rosamond*, and her great State a-
Court, became the Table-talk of all
the Nation.

The King, being every Day more
and more pleased with *Rosamond*, than
her Friends and Relations might be th-

be

better Satisfied, promoted them to Honour, and gave them places of Profit ; and *Rosamond* became the only Intercessor for all that wanted any thing to be done at Court ; for whatever Favour she ask'd, she was sure not to be denied : By which she not only advanced and relieved many decayed Families, but often stood between Death, and such as had incurred the King's displeasure, saving many that were condemned to die ; and in all Things she used those good Offices with her enamour'd Sovereign, as gained her a general good Esteem, especially amongst the ordinary sort of People, whose loud Shouts and general Acclamations declared their Satisfaction.

C H A P. V.

*How Queen Eleanor plotted to destroy
fair Rosamond ; to prevent which,
she was removed to a stately Bower at
Woodstock : How the queen to fur-
ther her cruel Design, caused her Son
Richard to raise War against his Fa-
ther in Normandy.*



*Q*ueen Eleanor growing outrageous, when she perceiv'd no kind words nor Intreaties, mixed with Threats, could wean the King her Husband's Love from his new Mistress.

and though he laboured other ways all he could to please and pacify her, yet he set her Engines on work to fright her from his Arms, and for the Safety of her Life inclose herself in a Nunnery which according to those superstitious Times was held so Sacred and Inviolate, that whoever enter'd it, could not be taken out again; no, not by the King, without committing Sacrilege, and incurring the Pope's Curse. But fair Rosamond shewing him some Letters, threatening her Destruction, that were dropp'd in her Lodgings on purpose for her to find and read, thereby to terrify and affright her from his Arms; such Enquiry was made about it, that some of those that had done it, were discover'd by Similitude of Hands, and severely punish'd, and many of the Ladies, who spoke distractingly of her, and gave her Affronts, were banish'd the Court; whereupon, that at length, perceiving the King was in earnest, resolutely bent with to defend his fair One, they gave over all further Projects of this Nature: and resolv'd to prevent Violence, he appointed her a

Guard to wait on her at Home and A broad; and to remove her further from the Queen's Sight, that her Envy and continual Clamours, if possible, might cease he caused a stately Palace, call'd, *The Delightful Bower of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire*, to be built with great cost, with all the cunning turnings and windings imaginable, far exceeding the *Delalian Labyrinth*, which he appointed for her Country Retirement, when she please to take the Air.

This stately Bower had many Entries and Passages under Ground, into which Light came thro' narrow Stone Crevices, shaded with Bushes not perceptible to those that walked above, rising with Doors in Hills far distant, to escape from Danger, upon any timely Notice though the Place should be suddenly besieg'd, and surrounded; and within this stately Bower were intricate Mazes and Windings thro' long Entries, Rooms and Galleries, strongly secur'd with a hundred and fifty Doors: so that to find the Way out, and into the most remote Apartments, the skilful

An Artist had left a Silver Clew of Thread, without the Guidance of which, it was next to impossible to be done. About this Bower were curious Gardens, Founded and a Wilderness, with all manner of Delights for pleasant Situation, and Recreation, to furnish it as another Earthly Paradise, for so fair a Creature to inhabit; and thither the King often resorted to see his beloved *Rosamond*.

But this more vexed the enraged Queen, not only that she should have so famous a Place, built on purpose for her, but that the King staid whole Weeks in his Visits, and left her to lie tumbling and tossing in much Perplexity, whilst another enjoyed the Embra- ces she expected; wherefore she consulted with her Sons, now Men grown, how to be revenged; and after many Things argued, and consider'd, it was agreed amongst them, that Prince *Richard*, afterward King of *England*, should go over and joyn with the *French*, to raise War against his Father in *Normandy*, then belonging to the Crown of *England*; which whilst he effected,

speedily would withdraw the King to aid his Subjects, and subdue his Enemies; and so leaving his fair Mistress behind him, and *Rosamond* being destitute of her chief Defence, might lie open to their Plots and Contrivances against her Life, which while he was present, would be frustated. Nor was Prince *Richard* slow in this, but made a fierce War, beat the King's Lieutenant, and took many Towns; which News coming to the King's Ear, rouzed him as a Lion from his Den, and fill'd him with Princely Resolution of Revenge: 'Tis true indeed, those different Passions of Revenge and Love, long struggled in his Breast; but Love at last gave place unto his Honour, vowing his Love should make Revenge more sharp. And therefore he resolv'd to pass the Sea with a well-disciplin'd and Royal Army.

C H A P. VI.

How the King took his Leave of fair Rosamond, to pass the Seas, and the great Sorrow she made for his Departure, with his comfortable Words to her: How he left her in the Care of her Uncle, and went to fight against his haughty Foes, &c.



THIS Resolution of the King, by means of the keeper of her Bow-
er, came to the Ears of *Rosamond*, which she receiv'd with an inexpressible Grief:
Her Soul was filled with Mourning, to
hear

hear it ; her Heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true Paffion ; the rosy Dye that deck'd her blushing Cheeks grew pale, and Clouds immur'd the muffled Skies of her resplendent Beauty : So great her Sorrow was, it even made the Stars for Pity drop down from the Spheres, and *Cynthia* in a gloomy Vale of Darkness, inshroud the pale Beams of her borrow'd Light : Had but Queen *Eleanor* beheld her now, her Envy would have fallen fast asleep, and Cruelty herself have fell a Weeping.

The King however, firm to his Resolves being just ready to depart for *Normandy*, went last of all to take his Leave of fair *Rosamond* ; and to assure her of his Love and kindness, *Rosamond* had some Notice of his coming, and of the Errand he was come about : and strait her Eyes grew dim, and down upon the Ground forthwith she fell, and every Object danc'd before her in the Maze of Death : her Eyes were closed, and tho' she sat in Darkness, without the Help of Light, her Beauty shined.

The

The King came in and found her on the Floor, in all the storm of Greif; sighing such Breaths of sorrow, that her Lips, which late appeared like Buds, were now over-blown; and when she came a little to herself, she poured forth Tears at such a lavish rate, that were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd the Wrath of Heaven, and quenched the mighty Ruin. 'Twould raise the Pity of a marble Breast, to see the Tears force thro' her snowy Lids, and lodg themselves on her red murmuring Lips, which after a small respite, faintly said, *Ab, dearest Prince ! How cruel is unkind Fortune unto Lovers, that we must so soon part ; and my presaging Soul forebodes never to meet again in this World, if now you leave me to the irreconcileable Hatred of my merciless Enemy, quite void of your Royal Shelter and Protection : O for this, did I resign myself into your Arms, and gave up my Virgin Innocency, and unspotted Treasure to your Will and Pleasure ! O is there no English General trusty and valiant enough to defeat and scourge your Rebels,*

but

but must you be seperated from your faith-
ful constant Rosamond, and venture
your precious Life, which is now dearer
to me than my own, and all the valuable
Things in this World.

She would have proceeded, but a mighty Sorrow for a Time stopped, the Utterance of her Voice, and she had fallen to the Ground had not the King catched her in his Arms, tenderly embracing her, and kissing her wan and faded Cheeks and Lips a thousand times : then setting her down by him ; he said
Fairek of Creatures, thou fairest and most fragrant Rose of all the World, afflict me not thus with thy Tears; but dearest Rosamond, at my Entreaty let them cease to flow, and let not such a mighty Sorrow impair thy lovely Beauties; you are not ignorant How often I have been victorious over these very Enemies that now presume to dare me forth to their Destruction: I cannot, but confess indeed, I am grieved to part with my sweet Rose; but adverse Fortune proves an Enemy to us both, in constrainting this unkind Separation; but no doubt

doubt my Return will be speedy, with Success, and then the Laurel of Victory I shall gain by Dint of Sword shall Crown my fairest Mistress, and make her smile when we meet again to renew our Joys and Delight. In the mean while, my precious Jewel, I will wear thee on my Heart; nor shall the rude Alarms of the War drive the Image thence.

To this Rosamond, with Tears still flowing and her snowy Arms cast about his Neck, replied, And why may not I go with my so much-loved Lord? I'll dress me like a Page, and wait on you in all your Dangers; and when in the Heat of Fight your precious Life is in Distress, by the threatening Sword and Spear, I will boldly step between, and by receiving the Wounds that threatens you, guard your Life with the Loss of my own: Wait on you in your Tent, and dress your Food in Day, and at Night I'll make your Princely Bed soft and easie to you; and take Delight to do you all the Pleasure that I can: O take me with you, for there is no such Safety in the World for me, as in your royal Camp; but waiting on you, my Life is Death.

She

She would have proceeded, but the King stoop'd her Voice with many tender Kisses, and interrupting her, said, My fairest Rose, you are not fit to brook the Toils of War, Ladies cannot endure the Fatigues & Hardships of Camps, soft Peace and delightful Pleasures, are most agreeable to their sweet Tempers, therefore you must stay in Eng'land's peaceful and pleasant Soil till I return. Then calling to him Sir *Thomas*, her Uncle, the trusty Knight, who had first given him an Account of her rare Beauty, he said, Here, worthy Knight, I commit this inestimable Treasure to your sole Care and Conduit, my fair *Rosamond*; a Treasure far more valuable than a Kingdom; take to you a strong Guard for her Defence, and be careful, I charge you, as you tender your Life, that none be permitted to see her tell my Return. And expect my fair Mistress, I shall often write to you, and require your Answers. Alas said she, this Parting's worse than Death, and I'm afraid my Death will be the fatal Issue of it. I'm sure the Soul and Body cannot part with so great pain, as now I part with you.

you. Fain would I speak the last Farewel,
but cannot, there are so many Deaths in
that hard Word. Go, Royal Sir, that I may
know my Grief ; for Grief's but guess'd
while you are standing by: But I too soon
shall know what absence is: 'Tis the Sun's
parting from the frozen North, while I
stand looking on some Icy Cliff, to watch
the last low Circles that he makes, till he
sinks down from Heaven. Ah, *Rosamond*
reply'd the King to her, Methinks there
are such mournful successs in parting, that
I could hang for ever on thy Arms, and
look away my Life into thy Eyes. But I
have far to go, and must hasten. And so
, said *Rosamond* again, if Death be far, for
that's the Stage to which I now am
going ; from whence I never, never
shall return. And so in Tears parted
from each other.

C H A P. VII.

How upon the King's departing the Land, the Queen call'd a Consult to debate the Destruction of fair Rosamond: How they laid an Ambush near the Bower, and training out the Knight, who guarded it, slew him and many others, when getting the Silver Clue, the Queen found fair Rosamond arrayed like an Angel, and compelled her to drink a Bowl of Poison, of which she died.



FAIR, but disconsolate poor *Rosamond*, gave a long Look after the King, when he had parted from her; and

and just as he was out of sight, (as if her sorrowful foreboding Soul had told her she should never see him more, she with a dismal heart-piercing Cry, threw herself down upon her Couch, and fell into a Swoon ; from which, when her Attendants had recover'd her, she so oft fainted, that her maids had much ado to keep Life in her ; but when she was recover'd, she gave herself up to Sorrow and Melancholy, refusing to be comforted for some Weeks, her Sleep still going from her; and when she slumber'd a little, she started, crying out, *O save me, save me, here's the Queen ; she's got to me at last* ; and with the Fright awak'd, scar'd and terrified with her Dreams. Nor was it without Reason that *Rosamond* was thus afflicted in her Mind, for all this while, Queen *Eleanor* was plotting her Destruction : Which to effect, she first propos'd it to some Favourites, whom she had rais'd from a low Condition to a high Promotion; but they start-ed at it, as a Thing full of Danger, seeing if it were known, there Lives would surely be forfeited, and lost at the King's

Re-

Return, unless they fled the Land, and left all behind them, to the Ruin of Themselves and Families. This so enraged the jealous Queen that she reviled them with a thousand Reproaches of Cowardize and Ingratitude, for the many Favours she had heaped upon them, which, with some Perswasions and large Offers, prevailed so far with several of her Domesticks that they vow'd to stand by her in any dangerous Attempt, if she wou'd but vouchsafe to be present at the doing of it, that so, if it were discover'd, she being the Consort Royal, would easily come off from the Danger of the Laws, and they shelter'd under the Necessity of positive Commands, might have a more colour'd Pretence and Excuse for having a Hand in the Matter ; to this she readily consented ; and it being in Summertime, undertook a Progres, as she gave out for her Health, appointing at a set time, her Conspirators to hide themselves in a Cave near the Bower, overshadow'd with Trees and Bushes, and at the Sound of a Horn to rush out and do

as she commadet; which they swore to observe: Whereupon she counterfeited a Letter, as from the King, to fair *Rosamond*; and being near the Bower, she hid herself in a Grove, and sent one of her Pages dress'd as a Post, to deliver it to Sir *Thomas*, the Keeper of the Bower, and no other Hand, for such was the King's express Command; and when he had delivered it immediately to blow his Horn.

This cunning Divice took to her Wish, for the too credulous Knight, seeing as he thought only a Post-boy, and the Spy from the Turret, who watched the Roads, informing they were clear of any People, he came without the Gate, when immediately upon the Signal given those in Ambush rushed upon him, with them he fought valiantly, being seconded by his Guard; but after many were slain on both Sides, being over-power'd by Numbers, he was likewise slain himself. The Fight being over, and the Gates seized by her Party, the Queen came to the Palace, and getting the Silver Clew, she enter'd the Bower,

cau-

causing all her Servants she found to be slain, and in the furthermost retirement in a Chamber gilded, she found the beauteous *Rosamond*, the Object of her hellish Spleen, all dazzling in robes of Silver, adorned with Gems, shining bright like an Angel ; at which sight she sometime stood amazed, and began to melt into Pity ; but her Jealousy soon reviving the Flame of Fury, with a stern Countenance, she said, ‘ Have I found thee, thou graceless Wretch ! who by thy Lewdness hast shamefully taken my Husband from me ? Come, lay aside your gaudy Trappings, and receive the reward due to such as commit Crimes like your’s.’

Fair *Rosamond*, seeing the angry Queen before her, and hearing these dreadful Words, trembled from Head to Foot, when, rising from her Seat, she fell on her Knees before her, imploring Mercy and Pardon for her Offences, with a Flood of Tears, begging she would have Pity on her tender Years, and pardon a Crime she was constrain'd to act, and she would immediately cloi-

cloister her self in a Nunnery, and see the King no more ; or else abjure the Land : And if she had not deserved to live, yet she humbly besought her in Mercy and tender Compassion to the Infant that struggled in her Womb she might live, tho' in a Dungeon, till she was diliver'd, and then she would willingly submit to die so that it might be sav'd alive.

This last Request, which she concluded would move some Pity, the more incensed the enraged Queen : for hearing she was with Child, her Fury broke forth beyond all Moderation ; when, snatching up a golden Bowl which stood on the Table, she poured a Draught of deadly Pois'on into it, which she had brought with her, commanding her, laying all Excuses aside, to drink it up immediately ; at which when she trembled, and begged Mercy with Tears, the Queen pulled out a Dagger, and held it to her Breast, saying, *You Harlot, are you queesie stomach'd? If your dainty Pallate cannot relish Pois'on, see here, I have Steel for your paiting Breasts, to rid you out of the World.*

The poor sorrowful Lady perceiving there was no Remedy, but she must die, stood upon her Feet, and with abundance of Tears, and piteously wringing her Hands, begged Mercy of God for her youthful Sins and Failings, desiring that all stately Beauties might be warned by her sad Fall, not to be proud nor aspiring, but rather contended with a lowly safe Condition; and often calling for Mercy, she with her trembling Hand put the Bowl to her Mouth, and drank the Poison, which soon put an end to her Life; whom the queen caus'd to be buried privately with the rest that were slain, and so departed, rejoicing in the success her Revenge had had on her Rival, but little consider'd the misery it would pull on her own Head.

Other Historians of Great Credit relate the Circumstances of her Death in the following Manner: *Viz.* That the fair *Rosamond*, sitting to take the Air, let fall out of her Lap a Clue of Silk, which running from her, the End of the Silk fastened to her Foot, and the Clue still unwinding, remain'd behind; which

which the Queen espying, follow'd, till she had found what she sought: It is generally said, That when the Queen came to *Rosamond*, she presented her with a Dagger, and a Cup of Poison, bidding her take her Choice, and she taking the latter, soon expir'd therewith. Others say, That when the Queen saw her, being amazed at her Beauty, she only upbraided her with her unlawful Familiarity with the King, and so left her: *Rosamond* telling her, she would never be guilty of that Fault again. But *Rosamond* liv'd but a short time after, however that was, certain it is, That the queen had made her that Visit.

C H A P. VIII.

*How the King returned, heard of Rosamond's Death, and the Lamentation
he made, and the severe Revenge he took
in putting many to Death, and impri-
soning his Queen for her Life, building
a famous Sepulchre for fair Rosamond,
and soon after died himself, &c.*



NOT long after the untimely Death
of fair *Rosamond*, the King who
had many strange Dreams concern-
ing her, return'd home Victorious; but
no sooner had he Notice of her tragica-

End

End, but this Joy was turn'd into Mourning, and in a kind of Distraction he rent his Royal Robes, shut himself up in his Chamber, and would suffer none to speak with him for many Days, often weeping and crying out, *O my Rosamond, my fairest Flower ! How art thou blasted by a Cruel Death, and with thee all my Joys are faded and withered ? O thy parting Tears presaged this sad Event that we should meet no more ! O that I had staid to defend thee from this Ruin, tho' at the Loss of a Country, nay, to the Eclipsing my own Fame and Renown.*

When the King had a little eas'd his Grief, he summon'd his Judges, and commanded them to make a strict Enquiry after those that were guilty of these heinous Crimes, who fearing his high Displeasure, were so diligent therein that most of them were apprehended, tried and put to several the most cruel Deaths who in their Tortures accus'd the Queen, and laid the Blame on her, who was not able to bear out herself, for so fierce was the King's Indignation, that neither the Apology, Tears,

nor the Intercession of the Nobles on her Behalf could appease his Wrath, but being a foreign Princeſſ her Life was ſpared ; yet the King not only for ever renounced her, but confined her for his Life-time to a ſtrict Imprifonment, commanded, if ſhe died there, her Body ſhould not be buried, but there moulder to Dufi, nor would he forgive her at his own Death, for ſhe out lived him, and was ſet at Liberty after his Deceafe by her Son *Richard*, who ſucceeded his Father, and conſidering the Hardſhip of Imprifonment from Experience, ſhe by her own liberty, and the Intreſt ſhe had with her Son, for the moft part ſet the Prison gates open, a well to Criminaſ as to Debtors.

King *Henry* having wreak'd his Vengeance on themurderers of his beloved *Rosamond*, cauſed her Body to be taken out of that obſcure Grave, wherein the Queen had cauſed her to be laid, and buried her with all the Funeral Pomp imaginable, at *Godſtow*, near to *Oxford*. Erecting to her Memory a ſtately Tomb on which was this Inſcription :

Hic jacit in Tomba, Rosamundi, non Rosamunda
Non redolet, quæ redolere solet.

In English thus

Within this Tomb, lies the World's cheifest Rose;
She who was sweet, will now offend your Nose.



This was the End of fair *Rosamond*,
who, had she not been led astray by
King *Henry*, with the glittering Tinsel
of Royalty, might have made a Wife
worthy to the greatest Peer in *England*.
Or if King *Henry* had been then a single
Man, might as well have adorn'd the
English Crown, as *Elizabeth* the Wi-
dow of Sir *John Grey*, who being courted
as a Miss by King *Edward* the Fourth,
plainly told him, That as she did
not think herself Good enough to be
his Wife, so she thought herself much
too Good to be a Whore, either to
him, or to the greatest Prince in
Christendom: And this Oppositon of

her's to his lascivious Courtship inflam'd the King the more; as having seldom been refused by the Ladies of that Age, whom he sollicited on the same Account: So that his Passion grew so high at last, that what he could not obtain unlawfully from her, he resolv'd to gain by the more lawful and honourable Way of Marriage; and accordingly made her his Queen, and afterwards Grand-mother to K. Henry the Eighth, and was great Grand-mother to the famous Maiden Queen of that Name. But the Case was otherwise with King Henry the Second, who was a married Man when he courted Rosamond, and therefore had she refused his unlawful Embraces, and been married to an English Nobleman, as she might have been, she had never been recorded to Posterity, as one of the Unfortunate Concubines of the Kings of England.

Fair Rosamond.

A

SONG on the DEATH O F Fair ROSAMOND.



In Woodstock Bower, once grew a Fair
be'oved of England's King. (wer,
The like for Scent, and sweet Content,
did never in England spring:
Her Cheeks were of the rosy Red;
as fair as fair might be;
Her seemly Front, and Ivory Brow,
like Crystal was to see.

*Fair Rosamond, of Rose-like Hewe,
enticed so to Love,
As caused Henry's Royal Heart
the Joys thereof to prove :
Lord Clifford's Daughter, fair and young,
was now the only she,
That lov'd, and was beloved again
of his high Majesty.*
*At Woodstock, in a Labyrinth
of many Turnings round,
Where only by a Clew of Thread
the Lady must be found,
And by no way but with the same,
the which the King well knew,
Which now and then for his delight,
him to her Presence drew.*
*Besides her Maidens, a false Knight
attended on her there :
With whom he likewise fell in Love,
but durst not speak for Fear.
At length, but with greyt Modesty,
he couated her for Grace.
But all in vain, it booted not,
he lacked both Time and Place.
Henry (quoth she) began with me
to make my Thoughts unchaste,
And none but he, and only he,
my Body hath embrac'd :
Then I will be as true and just,
in this my wanton Sin,
As ever Prince's Paramour ;
Perfisit no more therein.*

The Knight dismiss her Presence thus,
grew daily in great Fear,
That Henry at his Back return,
should of his Purpose hear ;
Therefore unto the Queen he bies,
and told her of the same ;
How she had but the Title given,
and Rosamond the Gain.

Came I from France, Queen Dowager,
(quoth she) to pay so dear,
For bringing him so great a Wealth,
to be misused here ?

Am I so Old or be so young
to be a Wanton grown,
That for to have another's Bed,
he will refuse his own.

Like Progne, seeking Philomet,
she presently forth found
The Bower that lodg'd her Husband's Love,
built bravely under Ground.

And enter'd into Rosamond,
whom when the Queen did view
So bravely clad in rich Attire,
to height her Malice grew.

No marvel (quoth the Queen) if oft
the Court did miss the King,
When such a Load-stone as thou art,
him to this Bower did bring.

Now trust me, were she not a Whore,
or any Whore but his,
I would her pardon ; but, in sooth,
Thy I may not pardon this.

Fair Rosamond surprized thus,
 e'er ought she did suspect,
 Fell on her humble Knees, and did
 her Hands to Heaven erect :
 She blusht out Beauty, whilst with Tears
 did wash her lovely Face
 And begged Pardo for her Sin,
 in hopes to find some Grace.
 So far forth as it lay in me,
 I did (quoth she) withstand ;
 But what may not so great a King
 by Means or Force command ?
 And dar'st thou Minion (said the Queen)
 thus Circumstance with me ?
 Nay, thou wer'st best to come to Court,
 the King will welcome thee.
 With that she dasht her on the Lips,
 so died with double Rod ;
 Hard was the Heart that gave the Stroke,
 soft were the Lips that bled :
 Then forc'd she her to swallow down,
 prepar'd for that intent,
 A poison'd Drink with quick dispatch
 and so away they went.
 The End of the History of Fair

R S A M O N D.

T H E

History of Jane Shore, &c.

C H A P. I.

*Of the Parentage and Birth of Jane Shore
how her early, but charming Beauty, cau-
sed many to fall in Love with her, &c.*



Mrs. Jane Shore, the Wife of Mr. Matthew Shore, who was sometimes a Goldsmith, dwelling in Lombaad-street) and was Concubine to Edward the IVth, King of Eng-

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land, is so well known in History, that he must be a Stranger to our English Chronicles, who has not heard of her. And yet tho' she be mention'd in all, there are but few Histories (tho' never so bulky and voluminous) that have given a succinct and particular Account of her Life and Actions; which may make this History the more acceptable to those that are curious to enquire into it.

This lovely (tho' unhappy) Woman, at the shrine of whose Beauty so Mighty and Warlike a Monarch offer'd up his Devotions, was the Daughter of Mr. *Thomas Wainstead*, a wealthy and eminent Citizen of *London*, and one of the Worshipful Company of *Mercers*, who liv'd in *Cheapside*, not far from the Chapel belonging to that Company, where also Mrs. *Jane* was born; who was brought up with all that Tenderness, which an only Child commonly meets with from a loving and indulgent Father: Nor did she want for any Education which that Age afforded, and her Father was able to give, or she capable of receiving, Needle-work of all Sorts, with

with Musick and Dancing, were Accomplishments she might boast with any Citizen's Daughter in *London*, And being naturally Witty, and of an airy and facetious Temper, set all her Parts off to the best Advantage; and her Father indulging her natural Vanity with the costliest Garments, set off with the richest and most resplendent Jewels, she appear'd like another *Venus*, or rather out did her, being admir'd by all, as a consummate Beauty: For tho' her Attire was very rich and costly, yet her own native Beauty was enough to set her off: And therefore,

*The Wealth she wore about her seem'd to bide,
Not to adorn her native Beauty's Pride :
Bright Pearls and Jaspers of a various Dye,
And Diamonds darkned by her brighter Eye ;
The Saphire's Blue, by her more azure Veins,
Hung not to boast, but to confess their stains :
The blushing Rubies seem'd to lose their Dye,
When her more Ruby Lips were moving by :
It seem'd, so well become her all she wore,
She had not robb'd at all the Creature's Store,
But had been nature's self, there to have shew'd
What she on creature's cou'd or had bestow'd :*

Nay,

Nay, Jove himself wou'd repel in her Bower,
Were he to spend another Golden Shower;
In short, her Eyes shot such surprizing Rays,
She was esteem'd the Wonder of her Days.

No wonder than her Father doated on her: And his Trade lying among the Court Ladies, he often carried his Daughter with him, to shew her the Pastimes that were frequently made there to divert the Queen, &c. which gave her an early Longing after a higher Sphere of Honour, than she had yet attained to, or her City breeding was likely to produoe.

When she grew to the Age of Fifteen, her extraordinary Stock of Beauty, and charming Mien, caused many to fall in Love with her: And some great Lords fix'd their Eyes on her, to get her for a Mistress; which her Father perceiving, sent her privately to be with his Sister at Northampton; where she remained about a Year, till he supposed their Enquiry after her was over, and that she might safely return without any Hazard of being further tempted to Lewdness. Yet she was no sooner at Home, but a

Plot

Plot was laid one Night to have her carried away in a Chariot by the Lord Hastings, (who after the Death of King Edward, took her for his Concubine, as will appear in the Close of this History.) But the Maid he had bribed with Gold to get her Abroad, repenting such Treachery to her Master in being instrumental to the Debauching his fair Daughter, gave timely Notice, by which Means it was prevented; and her Father plainly perceiving, unless he speedily took some prudent Course, her Beauty would be her Ruin. So true is what Dryden tells us.

Beauty is seldom Fortunate, when Great;
A vast Estate, but over charg'd with Debt:
Beauty like Ice, our Footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smo'th slippery way;
Pleas'd with the Passage, we slide swiftly on,
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.
Unpunish'd, thou to few were ever given;
Nor art a blessing, but a Mark from Heaven.

And therefore he resolved to marry her, that so having surrender'd her Virginity, and being in the Arms of a Husband, those that before sought to crop her

her Virgin rose would not regard her, but give over the Pursuit.

And amongst those that courted, and earnestly sought her in Way of Marriage, was one Mr. *Matthew Shore*, a Goldsmith of eminent Note in *Lombardstreet*, whom her Father pitch'd on for a fit Husband, and acquainted his fair Daughter with his Intentions to marry her to him; but she always shewed a very great Aversion to it, alledging sometimes, the Disproportion of Years, he being about Thirty, and she but a little above Sixteen; and other times his being much disfigur'd with the Small Pox, and many other Exceptions she made: However, her Father's positive Commands, and the rich Presents her Love made her, won her Consent so far, as that she yielded to the Match; and so married they were in great Pomp, many of the Court, as well as those of the City being invited to the Wedding, which was kept with great Feasting many Days. Nor were the Wits of the Age wanting to present 'em with Epithalamiums, which were

were too numerous to insert; let it suffice to give you one.

Call to the Bridegroom to the Bride,

Deck'd in all her Beauty's Pride :

May all the Pleasures, all the Sweets,

That attend the genial Sheets :

Hymen's Chains and loving Bands,

Be now resign'd into your Hands.

May soft Joys, now you're wed,

Be the Curtains for your Bed.

May fair Honour and Delight

Crown your Day, and Bless your Night.

May you oft repeated kisses

Turn to both your happy Blisses.

And the warm Embrace of Love,

Be soft as Venus's Dove.

*Methought I saw them kindle to Desire,
While with soft sighs they Blew the Fire :*

Saw the Approaches of their Joy,

He grew more firce and she Less coy.

Saw how they mingled melting Rays,

Exchanging Love a thousand Ways :

kind was the Force on ev'ry side,

Her new Desire she cou'd not hide,

Nor wou'd the Bridegroom be deny'd ;

Till she transported in his Arms,

Yield to the Cong'rator all her Charms :

His panting Breast to her's joy'd,

They Feast on Raptures unconfin'd,

And mingle Souls to that degree,

They melt into an Ecstasy ;

And

*And like the Phoenix, both expire,
While from the Ashes of the Fire,
Spring up a new and soft Desire.
Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke
Love's Pow'rs, and thrice new Vigour took.*

C H A P. II.

*How the Lord Hastings made Suit to her
to be his Mistress, with the Repulse
she gave him: And how he praised her
so much to King Edward, that the
King went disguised to see her, &c.*



TH E new Bridegroom having enjoyed his charming Bride, grew extremely fond of her, even to Doating, which

which as it usually happens with married Women, sickned and paul'd her Love towards him ; and seem'd to say like *Oldan,*

I hate Fruition, now 'tis past;
'Tis all but Nastiness at best :
The homeliest Thing that we can do ;
Besides, 'tis short and fleeting too :
A Squirt of slippery Delight,
That in a Moment takes its Flight :
A fulsome Bliss, that soon does cloy,
And makes us loath what we enjoy.

Which he perceiving, and to wind himself, as he thought, the more into her Affections, he cloath'd her very richly, and adorned her with Jewels, denying her nothing that she desired, or he concluded could tend to her Delight and Satisfaction : So that she always appeared Abroad, and in her Shop like a Terrestrial Angel, which glorious Sight brought Custom to her Husband's Shop, and allured many to come to lay out their Moner, who otherwise would not have done it. Nor was it long e're the Lord

Lord *Hastings* had the unwelcome news brought to him, that his fair *Jane* was married; which however made him not give over his Purpose of enjoying her; so that often he resorted to see her, treating her at Home, and her Husband Abroad; often inviting them both to the Court; and took his Oportunity to pour out his amourous Discourse to the Wife, labouring by many fair Words and Devices to seduce her to transgres her Nuptial Vows in defiling her Marraige-bed; but in vain, for being very Witty, and of a jovial and merry Temper, she so baffled him with her quick and sharp Replies, that he cou'd not tell which way to take her, for when he often suppos'd she was the nearest yielding to comply with his Desires, he found her the furthest from it; insomuch that when one time intending to try his utmost Effort, he had thrown her on a Bed in the Room, when they were privately together in her House, she got from him, and run to her Husband telling him plainly how rude the Lord *Hastings* had been; which angering the good

good Man, he modestly rebuked him ; for bidding him his House, and his Wife's Conversation ; which made him fling away in a great Heat, resolving in Revenge to raise up such a Rival to *Shore*, that neither his Authority, nor his Wife's Chastity should be able to withstand.

This Lord *Hastings* being Chamberlain to King *Edward* the Fourth, and a great Favourite, having frequently his Ear, and finding he was much inclin'd to fair Women, tho' he was married to the Lady *Elizabeth Grey*, took an Opportunity to found in his Ears the Fame of *Jane Shore*'s incomparable Beauty, extolling the Quickness of her Wit, and the Facetiousness of her Humour, much above that of her excellent Features; which made the King, who was extreamly Wanton and Amorous (his Wars being now entirely ended with the House of *Lancaster*, and he securely settled on his Throne without a Rival) to give great Attention to *Hastings*' Discourse of this beautiful Shop-keeper, resolving, by putting himself into a disguise to have a View of this surprizing Beau-

ty

ty himself that his own Eyes might be a Witness of the Truth of what *Hastings* had related to him.

The King, whose Thoughts still run on his new-intended Mistress ; (and was in love already with the Idea he had fram'd of her in his own Imagination) delay'd not long to pay her a Visit ; and in order to it, attired himself like a Merchant, and then withdrew privately from the Court, only attended with a Page : and coming into *Shore's* Shop, then the richest in *Lombard-street*, he found Mr *Shore* (her Husband) attending the Business of his Shop, and very busy in his own affairs ; and so for a little while, tarrying till he was at Leisure, he desir'd to see some Plate, which was presently shewed him, and under Pretence of carrying it with him beyond the Seas, soon agreed for a considerable Quantity. But the main Commodity our disguis'd Merchant wanted, was still behind, for the charming Wife kept all this while *incognito*, it being not her Hour to come down into the Shop : which made him very uneasy, delaying time

time with talking of several Matters transacted in *England*, and beyond the Seas where he said he had travelled; for, being a Prince of great Learning, and of a ready Wit, he never wanted a Theme to enlarge upon, but could discourse of most Countries, and the Trade or Commerce held with them; which much delighted *Shore*, so that he ordered his Man to fetch up a Bottle of his best Wine, and had him to his withdrawing-Room, where they drank merrily; the good Man beginning a Health to the King, in which the King you may be sure pledg'd him heartily; and when some other Healths had passed, Well, said the supposed Merchant, I see you have a good Shop well stor'd with rich Commodities, and a fine House well furnished, at least by what I have seen: But methinks the chiefest Thing of all is wanting still; and which in my Judgment is so material, that I wonder such a Man as you can be without it, Pray what's that, Sir, said Mr. *Shore*? A good Wife, reply'd the Royal Merchant, to be the Mistress of so fair a Mansion; For I dare say

say that you deserve, and I believe I can help you to one that is both young and beautiful, rich, and of a very agreeable and facetious Temper; which in a married State are Qualifications very desirable, and that greatly contribute to the Happiness of a Man's Life.' "I am of your Opinion, Sir, answer'd Mr. *Shore*; and therefore think myself not a little happy, that I am bless'd with a Wife every Way so accomplish'd; however, Sir, I am nevertheless oblig'd to you for your kind Offer. But, tho' I say it, continued he, I have a Wife that is hardly to be parallel'd, in whom all Beauties and Graces meet, and yet she is as virtuous as fair." "I grant, replied the love-sick Merchant, you are very happy in having such a Jewel. But, Sir, continu'd he, may not I see this Wonder of the World (for such she doubtless is, that is so divinely accomplish'd) that I may make her a small Present, to shew the Homage that I pay to Virtue?" "Yes, Sir, replies the Goldsmith, she shall b

be at your Service presently' And there upon ordered one of his Servants to tell her that he'd speak with her immediately. And *thereupon* she came into the back Room to him, attir'd in a Sky-colour'd Mourning gown, flower'd with Gold, and embroider'd with Pearls and Spangles, her Head Attire being curious Lace, under which her bright Hair flow'd, wantoning with the sporting Air, and her Blushes upon her Approach made her yet more lovely to behold. The King no sooner saw the Object of his Heart's Desire, but he stept forth and saluted her soft Coral Lips, impressing on them many balmy Kisses; and so by her Husband's Desire she sat down, and the King drank to her, he pledg'd him, and pass'd it to her Husband: And much pleasant Discourse pass'd, by which the King perceiv'd her not only of a merry free Temper, but also exceeding Witty, which delighted him as much as her Beauty, and made him resolve at any Rate he would enjoy her; and so presenting her

some curious Things which she modestly refused, as Presents too great for a Stranger, till her Husband desir'd her not to slight the Gentleman's Civility ; the King pulling out his Gold, and paying for his plate, which *Shore* would have sent Home, but he refused it ; ordering his page to carry it ; and with many sweet Kisses and some amorous Whispers, he took Leave at that Time of the charming fair One.

Well of his Gold might he be lavish here,
For Beauty never could be bought too dear:
For Plate he paid his Gold, but fix'd his Eyes
Upon a Treasure he far more did prize.
And yet whate'er he sent away we find
He left his chiefest Jewel still behind.
Yet he the best Way took, when all is done,
For 'tis by Gold the greatest Beauty's won :
And tho' as yet, he had no Conquest made,
She to his Arms soon after was betray'd.

C H A P. III.

How she warned her husband of the danger ; How Mrs. Blague sollicited the King's Love to her, carrying her to Court, where, upon dancing with the king in a Mask, he put a Letter into her Hand, and discover'd who he was that had courted her in Disguise.



The King was no sooner departed, but the beauteous Mrs. Shore ask'd her Husband if he was acquainted with this Gentleman, that had been so liberal to her ; and desired to know who he was ? Her Husband answer'd, That he never saw him before, but that

he told him he was a Merchant, but he knew him not : Ah, said his Wife, and shook her Head, (who having a more discerning Eye than her Husband, saw something in his Eyes and Mien that was not common.) My Dear, his airy Countenance, and graceful Carriage, shews him to be something more: I rather take him for some great Lord in Disguise, that will prove troublesome to me upon the Account of requiring my Love, as some before have done; therefore, sweet Husband, let me beg of you, as you tender my Chastity, and your own Quiet, if he comes again, as I believe he will, and ask for me, that you do not let him know I am at Home, but rather tell him that I am sick, and gone into the Country; or any thing you think most probable to put him off, that he may come no more.

The good Man was highly pleased with his Wife's Virtue and Prudence in this Matter; and promised to do what she requir'd. She was also giving him some further Cautions to be us'd to

such kind of Customers, but People coming in about Busines, retired.

The King being gone back to the Court, where he had been miss'd, and much enquired for, soon changed his Apparel, and came amongst his Nobles, with a very chearful Countenance ; and though others were ignorant, *Hastings* well perceived where he had been, and the Satisfaction he had receiv'd ; and no sooner were they in private, but the King said, ' Well, *Hastings*, I perceive thou hast good Judg-
ment in fine Women : I have seen *Shore's* Wife, and she excedes the Praises that you gave her, though I then thought them very lavish. I like her so well, that come what will, I must enjoy her, though I have made but a little Progress in my Love : But the great thing that lies before me now, is to have your Advice how I shall bring my Purpose to an Issue : To court her in her Husband's Presence, as a private Person, I shall be served as you were ; and then to do it as a King, will look too low for me ; to force her from his

Arms I will not, for it would cause a
Murmuring among my Subjects, who
would fear the like by their Wives or
Daughters; but I must have her, and
with her own Consent, for Love con-
strained, carries no pleasure nor Charms
in it; therefore how this last may be
attained, do you devise.'

The Lord *Hastings* no sooner heard
what the King determined last, but
smiling said, 'Take no great Care, for
this shall be easy to your Highness;
there is one Mrs. *Blague*, your Lace-
woman, has a House near to *Shore's*,
and is very intimate with his fair Wife,
and thither she often resorts to pass the
Evenings away; this person is a Wo-
man of infinite Intreague, and of so
damn'd and covetous a Temper, that
a purse of Gold would win her to do
any Thing; nay, even to debauch her
own Daughter: I dare promise she will
quickly find out Ways and Means to
bring her to your Lute; I will engage
her, if your Highness so pleases, in
this Matter; for there is no Spring so
sure a Taker in Love-Affairs as to set
one

one Woman to wheedle and betray another.' The King liked this Device; and it was agreed that he should see her at Mrs. Blague's House, and have Freedom to court her; but she should not know he was the King, till he was pleased it should be discover'd.

The Lord Hastings was not slow in promoting his Master's Happiness, who had so highly favour'd him, but soon with Gifts and large Promises made the covetous Lace-woman pliable, to do in this Affair, whatever was desired; so that many Meetings were had at her House, and splendid Treats made; the King still coming as her Friend in Disguise, but although she left the lovely Jane sometimes on purpose alone with him, and retired, and he courted her with all his Rhetorick, yet she appeared averse to yield to his Love, often blaming him sharply, for proposing such an immodest Thing to her, as to defile her Marriage-bed; and when he took his Leave, she very much chid Mrs. Blague for suffering so rude and so debauch'd a Gentleman to come into her

Houle, telling her the Design he had upon her Charity ; who seem'd to wonder at it, as all together ignorant, protest ing she had not thought it in him, but intreated her to be at Ease, and make no words of it, for she would suffer him to come there no more : This pacified her ; but the plot being further laid for her Ruin : in *Christmas* time she got Leave of Mr. *Shore* that his Wife should accompany her to the Court, to see the Balls and Masks there, which he consented to, with some Unwillingness and being introduced, after many had danced to the melodious Musick, one Man of a comely Port enter'd, shining in Gold and Jewels, with a Mask on ; upon which Mrs. *Shore* heard the Ladies whisper, *That's the King* ; who looking round through his Mask, fix ed his Eyes on her, and immediately stepped to her Seat, and took her out to Dance with him ; at which she blushed and trembled, but being in a strange Place, not to be unmannerly, she complied, and performed her Part to Admiration ; which ended, taking her to a

Side-

Side-light, pulling off his Mask to salute her, she to her great Amazement, perceived it was the same Man, who had entertained her at her Shop, and at Mrs. Blague's House ; when putting a Letter into her Hand, he retired. And she in much Confusion, coming to Mrs. Blague, intreated her she would go home ; who having effected what she came for, willingly consented ; and as the return'd, plainly told her, that Man was the King, and deeply in Love with her ; when reading the Letter, they found no more in it then this :

Fairest of Women !

THe Fame of your charming Beauty made me put on the disguise of a merchant, to get a Sight of you ; and the Sight of you has put my Heart into such a Flame, that nothing but enjoying you will ever be able to quench it. It is your king that is your Supplicant, and begs you would be kind to him : He that can command, is willing to entreat, and therefoare, surely you will not prove inexorable, and if you will take pity on your King send one kind Letter

to him, which he'll receive with greater Joy than if another Crown was offered him. For he esteems your Beauty and good Humour far above all the shining Ladies of the Court. And further does assure you, that whatsoever you shall lose for his sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage, by

Edward, *Rex.*

When she had read this Letter, she was much disturbed ; and could not forbear, saying, ‘ Ah ! Mrs. Blague, I could not have believed, that you would have brought me into such a Premunire, as now you see I am in : ’ To which Mrs. *Blague* very pertly answered, ‘ I see no Premunire at all, it is an Honour to be beloved by a King ? And does he not promise you, That whatever you shall lose for his Sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage ? And then where can be the Damage ? ’ ‘ You talk very strangely, reply’d Mrs. *Shore* ; Does he not design the robbing me of my Chastity

Chastity? And can any Thing be a Compensation for the Loss of one's Virtue? When that is once gone, it cannot be made good again: For that is a Jewel which when once fyllied, can never be restored to its first native Brightness.' ' Marry, says Mrs. Blague, I think you make a great deal to do more than needs; if he would accept of me in your Room, I should be very glad to take your Place. They say the Crown takes away all Stains; and I do not know why the Love of a King should not take away all Reproach from the Person belov'd. And therefore pray be advis'd to write a kind Letter to the King; come, he'll take it well.' ' I will advise with my Pillow, said she; and so went Home.

C H A P. IV.

*How, by the Perswasion of Mrs. Blague, she
writ a Letter to the King, and afterwards
comply'd with the King's Desire, and suf-
fered him to enjoy her privately; going
from her Husband under Pretence of seeing
her Mother, &c.*



ALL the Night following Mrs. Shore grew restless and uneasy; her Husband enquired the Cause, but could not learn it, though he found in the Morning some Tears had bedewed her fair Cheeks; as soon as she was up; she went to Mrs. Blague, to consult what

what she must do in this Straight, as well-knowing the King's Humour, that he never spared any Woman in his Lust, nor Man in his Anger; and therefore if she complied not, he would compel her to his Bed; and then perhaps, for her Sullenness in not freely yielding, he having satisfied his Appetite, might punish her, and make her a Publick Shame, to the Ruin of herself and Relations.

Mrs. Blague seeing her thus pensive and doubtful, with a betraying Smile, said, *Come, come, my dear Jane, you must be no longer coy, nor deny the King his Request; a Royal Mistress stands so high, that no Figure dare, point at her, or Tongue revile her: You will glitter so near a Throne, and enjoy so gallant a Bedfellow that I'll warrant, my Child, you will never have cause to repent of leaving a dull Husband for so advantagious a Change. I find he is resolv'd to have you for a Mistress; and therefore its best for you willingly to submit to be so highly exalted; which will be very pleasing to him*

him. And therefore pray write him a kind Letter presently. Which, at Mrs. Blague's Persuasion, she did in these Words:

I Was much surpriz'd at the Content of your Letter, and am altogether ignorant of my putting your Heart into such a Flame as you speak of. But if it should be so, it was a Sin of Ignorance, and I am willing to do any Pennance for committing it: Tho' I believe you may have a more suitable remedy nearer hand, some of those shining Ladies that you mention in your letter being far more capable of quenching that Flame, than, may it please your Highness,

Your most dutiful

Subject and Servant,

Jane Shore.

Mrs. Blague said this Letter was not kind enough, but Mrs. Shore wou'd not alter it. Mrs. Blague then went with it to the King and gave him an Account

(f)

of her Proceedings with Mrs. *Shore*, and what she had brought her to. And then told the King, That if he would please to send his Chariot the next Night, she would bring her to his Arms. The King commended and rewarded her, and promis'd his Chariot should be ready for her. Mrs. *Blague* came back, and tells Mrs. *Shore*, the King would take no Denial, but would send his Chariot for her to Morrow Night.

At this Discourse, Mrs. *Shore* trembled ; yet considering from the many Attempts her Beauty had caus'd, it was not made to be enjoy'd by one ; and having an ambitious Mind in a fatal Hour, the Counsel of Mrs. *Blague* prevailed ; And it was agreed that very Night she should take her best Apparel and Jewels, and put herself into the King's kind Arms, without any more Formality, or ceremonious Denials.

This being concluded, Mrs. *Blague* immediately sent the King Notice of her Success who was not slow at the appointed Time to send his Chaaiot for them : And in the mean while her Cloaths

Cloaths were convey'd to Mrs. *Blague's*. However, she supp'd with her Husband, kindly kiss'd him, and dropt some Tears, when on a sudden, one came of a feign-ed Errand, to tell her, her Mother was taken ill, and must needs speak with her; he would have gone with her, but she put it off; and so giving him the last Kiss he ever receiv'd from her fair Lips, with Tears in her Eyes, she left him; and coming where the Chariot stood ready, having put on her glorious Apparel, she and Mrs. *Blague* got into it, and were convey'd to the King's se-cret Apartment, where they found him in his Closet; he rais'd his Mistress, who upon her Approach kneel'd, kindly kis-sed her, and welcom'd her with many Varieties; but it being late, and Mrs. *Blague* having deliver'd up this Tre-a-sure of Beauty into her Monarch's arms, left them in the Temple of *Venus* to en-joy those mutual Blisses they had been so long pur-suing.—

*But, O the Raptures of that Night !
What fierce Convulsions of Delight !*

How

*How in each others Arms involv'd,
They lay confounded and dissolv'd!
Bodies mingled, Sexes blending,
Wh'ch shou'd most be contending:
Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,
Plunging into boundless Blisses.*

*Shore at the first was coy, and hard to win,
With artful Courting play'd the modest Part;
But soon as once she had engag'd i'th' in Sin,
O how she hugg'd the charming tingling Dart!
And then cry'd, Nearer nearer to my Heart,
For you are Sovereign now all within.*

But let me not envy her, nor her present Joys, but prosecute her Story; and we shall quickly see at what a dear Rate she purchas'd them.

C H A P. V.

Mr. Shore's Uneasiness at his Wife's staying out: He and her Parents make a particular, tho' fruitless Search after her; and giving her over for lost, they mourn and lament.



WHAT Pleasure soever Mrs. Shore took in the King's unlawful Embraces, yet her Husband sat at home full of Sorrow; wondering what extraordinary accident had detain'd her beyond her usual Hour; or what unforeseen Adventure she had met withal. At last he went to her Mother's, to see what

what the Matter was she staid so long, but was extreamly surpriz'd to find she had not been there all the Day ; nor was her Mother ill, nor had she sent for her, as Mrs. *Shore* pretended. This put him to so great a Nonplus, that he knew not what to think, nor cou'd he in the least imagine what should become of her. A Thousand strange Imaginations crowded into his Head, and thrust out one another : Sometimes he thought that Mischief had befallen her ; and then began with better lamentations to lament her dismal and unhappy Fate. But then, because she made such a false Story as an excuse to go Abroad, he thought there must be something in it of Design, which was not good : And then his Head began to Ach, and he imagin'd that he felt some Buddings out of Horns already in his Forehead : But then remembering her modest and her chaste Deportment, he check'd himself for letting such a Thought harbour one Moment in his troubled Breast. No no, said he, dear Jane, I know not how to think one Thought of thee that is not good ;

good; Virtue herself may sooner go astray, than I can think thou in a Thought canst err. Forgive me therefore that I but suspect thee; it is a Fault I know not how to expiate: Were I but half so sure that thou art. Well, as that thou'rt good, religious, chaste and virtuous, I should then be the happiest Man alive. Wheresoe'er thou art, I ne'er shall rest until I have thee circled in my Arms. I am afraid, that to avoid Temptations, thou hast withdrawn thyself into a Nunnery, there to give up thyself to thy Devotions, because the world wⁿt worthy of thy Company: Yes, yes, cry'd he, just like a Man distract^d, I know it must be so, thou coud'st not else be absent from thy Husband a Moment. But be thou where thou wilt, I'll find thee out and when I have found thee, we'd ne'er part again.

Thus the poor Man pass'd the sad Night away; whilst her Relations were as much concern'd as he: Her Father and her Mother were afraid some Violence might have been offer'd to her; her matchless Beauty having oft attract^d the Eyes and Hearts of those that gaz'd upon her. There was not one

they

they knew she was acquainted with, but they went thither, hoping they might find her; and Mrs. Blague among the rest was visited, to know if she cou'd tell what was become of her. But the dissembling Hag protested solemnly she had not seen her for two Days before, and shed some Tears, to make her Friends believe how much she was concern'd that she was missing.

But after all their Search had been in vain, and they could hear no Tydings of their Daughter, they seemed to be even swallow'd up with Grief, especially when they beheld their Son-in-law inconsolable; Alas, *said they*, What Sorrow's like to this, to have our only Child thus strangely lost, we know not how nor where? Death would have been by far much more eligible; we should have then known what became of her but we are left to uncertain Guesses: Ah! dearest Child, who knows what thou suffereſt, because thou'lt not comply to satisfy the Lust of barbarous Ravishers.

O that we ne'er had liv'd to see this Day,
Or that thou ne'er hadſt thus been snatch'd away.

Thus

Thus did her wretched parents echo each others Griefs in Lamentations because they knew not what could become of her.

C H A P. VI.

How her Husband and her Parents came to know that Jane Shore was with th^e King in the Quality of his Concubine; And how, for very Grief and Shame, her Husband sold off all he had, and went beyond Sea; with an Account of his Return into England many Years afterwards, and his Tragical End.



IT was now almost a Week that Mrs. Shore had been conceal'd at Court,

(and)

(and was in the mean time given over
for lost by her Husband and her Parents) when the news of her being the King's Concubine, had taken Air, and made a great Noise in the City ; and too soon arriv'd to her poor Husband's and her Relations Ears : For they had both much rather never heard of her at all, and that she had been lost for ever, than to have found her there, Had she been took away by any else, there had been hopes of getting her again. But now she was in such a Palace, that 'twas above their Reach to take her thence, They knew the King was violent in all his Passions ; especially his Love and his Ambition ; and more especially the first, of which there could not be a greater Instance, then in his marrying of the Queen ; for tho' he had sent *Nevil*, the great Earl of *Warwick*, (that made and unmade Kings at his own Pleasure into *France*, there to purpose a Match betwixt him and the Lady *Bona*, the French King's Daughter, which was agreed to, and concludeed, almost as soon as 'twas propos'd ; yet having in the mean time seen

seen and lik'd the Widow of Sir *John Gray*, (who was slain in the Battle of St. *Alban's*, as he was fighting for K. *Edward's* Rival, *Henry VI*) and not being able to obtain Enjoyment on any other Terms than that of Marriage ; he took her for his Queen, and married her ; and rather chose to disoblige his best and greatest Friends, and run the Hazard of the Crown itself, then to deny himself the Satisfaction of having her whom he had such a Fancy for : And therefore they consider'd how dangerous a Thing 'twould be for them to shew the least Resentment, tho' for so great an Injury, as that of ravishing a Wife and Daughter from them. And that which was more grievous to 'em yet, they found that she herself was pleas'd with what she'd done ; in making such a voluntary Elopfement from her Husband. And seeing she had thus lost all her Virtue, what was there in her now worth the regarding ? The *French* Thoughts of this so troubled her poor and afflicted Husband, who so much doat'd on her Vertue, that Shame and the

Grief

Grief confounded him; he scarce knew what he either said or did; nor would he see, or yet be seen of any, if he at all could help it: He thought each Man that saw him pointed at him; nor could one lift a Finger up before him, but he strait thought that they made Horns at him. All Day he'd shut himself up in his Chamber, and sigh'd away his melancholy Hours, and curse the time he e're saw *Wainstead's Daughter*. But when at last he found a Means to fend to his false Wife, and saw she flighted him, and would not once vouchsafe to come and see him, nor suffer him to come and see her there, he e'en resolved to go abroad and travel; and if he could forget he e're had seen her. And therefore selling of his Goods and Household-stuff, and turning all his Plate into Broad Gold (for then there was no Guineas) he left this hated Land of his Nativity, and took a Tour to *Flanders*, *France* and *Spain*, thence to *Morocco*, and from thence to *Turkey*; finding, as he imagin'd, far more Kindness amongst the *Turks* and *Infidels*, than he had

found in *England*: And 'twas not without Reason that he thought so, as the Sequel made it good: For, after a long Tract of Time, and travelling from one Place to another, had cur'd him of his Melancholy, and eas'd him of his Money, he turned back again to *London*; King *Henry* the Seventh having then sway'd the Scepter many Years; and his Wife having miserable perish'd long before, and the Rememberance of her almost quite forgotten, so that he now became as great a stranger here, as he had been before in foreign Parts. Here therefore he resolv'd again to settle, and privately to work at his own Calling but having been us'd to live high, and his Pockets being now grown low, his Work would not recruit him fast enough; he therefore thought upon speedier Way, which was to file and clip off Gold from those broad Pieces which went then in Current Payment but he made more Hast than good Speed, for being taken in the Fact, he was committed to Prison: and afterward try'd and executed for the same at *T* *burn*

burn; where he concluded his Tragedy. And tho' this unfortunate Man justly suffer'd the Law, in the Reign of King *Henry the Seventh*, yet it may without any Injustice be said, That he was murder'd by King *Edward the Fourth*, who by enticeing awav his Wife brought inevitable Ruin and Destruction on him and his Family, And thus we find there is a Tide in the Affairs of Men; which when at the Flood lead on to Fortune; but if that be neglected, all the long Voyage of their following Life, they are bound in Shallows and in Miseries.

*Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere Felicity;
With equal Mind let us what happen year,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things beyond our Care.
Like Pilgrims to the appoint'd place we tend,
The World's an Inn, and Death's the Journey's End.*

But now 'tis high time to look after his Wife, and see what became of her.

C H A P. VII.

*How Jane Shore liv'd in great Splendor
at Court, during the Reign of Edward
the Fourth.*



There is nothing so bewitching,
and so apt to draw away our
Hearts and Affections from the Consi-
deration of Eternity, and the Things of
another Life, as the Pomp and Vanities
of this present World; The Splendor of
King *Edward*'s Court, and the great Fi-
gure she made there, by means of the
extraordinary Countenance and Favour
which

which Kind *Edward* shew'd her, with
the Crouds of Petitioners and Flatterers
wherewith she was always attended,
made her forget her disconsolate Hus-
band, and the Sighs and Tears of her
Parents, who would have rather seen
her Virtuous than Great: 'Tis true, she
never abus'd the Power she had with
the King to the Prejudice of any, and
was always a Friend to the Poor, and
to those that were in Affliction and Dif-
tress; and was so ready to do good,
that when his Courtiers durst not inter-
ceed for such as lay under the King's
Displeasure, she with her ready Wit
and merry Humour, would so abate
his Anger, that she oft-times has sav'd
the Lives both of the Rich and Poor,
and would always be a Shelter to those
who were oppres'd by the exorbitant
Power of them that were Great: She
was easy of Access to the Poor, and so
far from a mercenary Spirit, that she
never sold her Favour, but would freely
do any Kindness that lay in her Pow-
er for any; righting many that were
wrong'd, but never wronging or op-

pressing any ; wnic'h made her generally
belov'd by the common People. And
often when the King had been offended
with his Officers and Servants, she by
her witty and facetious Carriage with
the King, would oft drive the Storm
which otherwise would have power'd
down upon 'em. So that her very En-
emies would say, *'Twas pity that she was a
Whore* ; and that she was indeed ; that
was the Stain that clouded all her Glory,
and blemished all the Goodness which
she had, or Good she did, and sapp'd
the Foundation of her Happiness : And
yet methinks I can't but grieve to think
her Life should at the last be clos'd by
such a sad Catastrophe : For when she
went on Prog^ress with the King, she
frequently would send for all the Poor,
and still proportion her Relief to their
Necessities ; Nor would she only by her-
self relieve'em : but if she knew of any
that with the King, expected some good
Offices from her on that Account, altho'
she herself was never Mercenary, yet
she would put'em upon being charitable
to the Poor, and if they did expect
Kind-

Kindness from her, they should be good to them. And this indeed was very generous in her.

But notwithstanding all her Charity and goodness, she was not without Enemies at Court ; for there were Ladies there that envy'd her Favour with the King, and were not willing it should be engross'd so much by her, that they could have no Share in't ; and therefore oftentimes would rally her, but still were baffl'd in their vain Attempts : For she had always such a pregnant Wit, and was so ready at her Repartees, that they could never get the better of her. And tho' King *Edward* had another Mistress before her, which he still kept, namely the lady *Beestley*, yet *Shore* had always the Ascendant of her. *Beestley* pretended hugely to Religion (which fits but very awkward on a Whore) but *Shore* was always mighty brisk and merry ; which made King *Edward* often joaking say, *I have two Mistresses of very different Tempers, one is the most religious, and the other the most merry of any one in England, and I*

must needs say, *Shore* was in the right on't; for *Beesley* wou'd ha' done much better, either to have left her Whoring off, or laid by her Religion; because them two seldom agree together. And I believe King *Edward* thought so too, and therefore *Shore* had still the chiefest Place in his Affection; which always made her have such Crowds of Visitors, both at her Chamber-Door, when in the Court; and at her Chariot side, whenever she rid Abroad; whose Suits she still preferr'd according to the utmost of her Power, respecting the Justice of their Cause. And here it will not be amiss to mention (for a Reason you shall know anon) how kind she was to Mrs. *Blague*, for whom she had procured of the King a stately House and Mannor of 100*l.* a Year. But how well she did deserve it, we may hear hereafter. In a Word, we cannot do Justice to Mrs. *Jane Shore*, without granting that she was of a free, generous, and grateful Temper; and that she improv'd her Interest with the King, for the Benefit of all that stood in need

of

of it, and to the Prejudice of none but those that sought to oppress and tyrannize over their Neighbours, for before she espous'd any Cause, she examin'd the Matter, and always took the justest Side.

Thus liv'd *Jane Shore* for some Years in the midst of earthly Delights, and Worldly Grandeur. But, alas ! there's nothing stable nor fix'd under the Sun : Kings, tho' they are earthly Gods must die like Men ; for they are made of the same mouldering Clay with other Mortals ; of which King *Edward* was to *Jane Shore* too sad an Instance : For he dying at *Westminster*, in the fortieth Year of his Age, and twenty third of his Reign, was buried at *Windfor* in a Chapel of his own Founding ; leaving behind him two young Princes ; to wit, *Edward* the Fifth, King of *England*, though never crown'd ; and *Richard* Duke of *York* his Brother, and five Daughters.

King *Edward* being dead, the Lord *Hastings* sent and took *Jane Shore* (whom he courted before King *Edward* knew her) to his own Bed, keeping her at his

Concubine. And *Shore* thought it (after the King's Death) the greatest Honour she could then aspire to ; besides, she thought that *Lord* would be a Shelter to her, for the Anger of the Queen, and of other Ladies at the Court, who bore no grert Affection to her in King *Edward's* Days, because she engrois'd so much of his Favour. But the Lord *Hastings* was so far from being able to protect *Jane Shore*, that he could not long protect himself : For crook-back *Richard*, Duke of *Gloucester*, Brother to the Deceas'd King, having laid a wicked design to put the Crown upon his own Head, and to destroy his own Nephews ; endeavour'd to bring in as many of the Nobility to his Party as he could, and the Lord *Hastings* being one that had a great Influence at Court, having been in high Favour with king *Edward the Fourth*, and Lord Chamberlain to the young King, the Duke had a great Mind to bring him over to his Party : But fearing to disclose his Mind openly to him, he made large Promises, and gave great Rewards to *one*

one *Catesby*, a Favourite of the Lord *Hastings*, by secret and dark Discourses to found him, and if possible to bring him over to his Side. This *Catesby* undertook to do; and finding (after he had done all that he could) that the Lord *Hastings* was no way inclinable to favour *Gloucester's* Design, he told him of it, and tho' he had been maintain'd by the Lord *Hastings*, and his Fortune rais'd to what it was by him, yet he prov'd so base and treacherous to him, that he encourag'd *Gloucester* to remove *Hastings* out of the World, if ever he intended to compass his Design. This being resolved upon by them two, he call'd a Grand Council of Lords at the *Tower*, to consider of suitable Preparations for the Coronation; and when they had set a considerable time, he came in and took his Chair, Jesting with some of them, and excusing his too long Stay: requesting of Dr. *Morton* Bishop of *Ely*, some Strawberries that grew his in his Garden at *Holborn*; which he immediately sent for; and took it as a Favour that the Protector was so kind

to him, and to put it into his Power to oblige him in any thing, for there had been formerly no good Understanding between them two. Then taking some Excuse for a short Absence, he desired them to proceed in the Method propos'd. And about an Hour after, he came in again, and took his Chair, but with a Countenance full of Anger and Resentment, frowning, biting his Lip, and knitting his Brows, and shewing all the Signs of one in an extraordinary Passion; which strangely amaz'd all the Council, so that they kept a profound Silence; which the Protector (for so had the Duke of Gloucester lately been made) perceiving, demanded what Punishment they deserved who had wickedly procured his Destruction, he being Uncle to, and Protector of the King? This Question amaz'd them more than before; but all knowing themselves innocent of any such Intention, the Lord Hastings, who by reason of the antient Friendship that had been between them, thought he might be the bolder, reply'd, *My Lord, such as have so transgressed*

gressed, deserve the severest Punishment the Law can inflict, to which the other Lords assented. Then, said the Protector, that Sorceress (meaning the Queen) and Jane Shore have conspir'd by Witchcraft to destroy me: And then drawing up his Sleeve, he shew'd his Arm, which had been waisted from his Infancy, (as they all knew well enough) as a Testimony of what he had said; bidding them behold how there Charms had begun already to take Effect on him. Hereupon the Lord Hastings, who (as has been already said) had taken Jane Shore to his Bed, thinking to excuse her, said, My Lord, if they have done so, they deserve Punishment. Thou Traytor, reply'd the Protector, servest thou me with If's and Ands: I tell thee they have done it: and that will I make good upon thy Body: And so, stricking his Fist upon the Table, the Room was presently fill'd with armed Men, one of which struck at the Lord Spanley, and as nimble as he was to sink under the Table, grievously wounded him on the Head; and then the Protector himself

self arrested the Lord *Hastings* bidding him make haife to Shrive himself; for by St. *Paul*, (which was his usual Oath) he would neither eat nor drink till his Head was off, and so being led out into the Green within the *Tower*; he was there beheaded on a Log, without staying for the Formality of a Scaffold.

And here I cannot but take Notice, how eminently the Hand of Divine Justice was exemplify'd in the unjust Execution of this Lord: Who having so far joyn'd with the Duke of *Gloucester*, as to be aiding in, and privy to the Execution of the Queen's Father, the Lord *Rivers*, and the rest of her Relations, who were by his Contrivance beheaded at *Pomfret*, on that very Day; on which, hy the Contrivance of *Gloucester*, himself was beheaded in the *Tower*: So certain does Sin and Guilt dodge Men to Destruction.

C H A P. VIII.

How Jane Shore convey'd her Jewels to
Mrs. Blague's, who cheated her of them
all: And b-w she was perfected by King
Richard the Third, w' o caused her to
do Penance in the open Street.



T H E sudden and tragical Fate of
the Lord Hastings was a suffi-
cient Premonition or Warning to Jane
Shore

Shore, of the Storm that was now falling upon her own Head ; and therefore she thought it but a Prudent Piece of Conduct to make some timely Provision for herself. The Protector had already declar'd himself against her ; and *Hastings*, upon whom, after King *Edward's* Death, her greatest Hopes had been plac'd, had now lost his Life, for but undertaking to Vindicate her ; and therefore she pack'd up all her Jewels, and her rich Garments, and all the best of her Things, and brought them to Mrs. *Blague's*, telling her, That she saw a Storm a coming, and therefore thought it was best to provide against it ; and that as she had serv'd her in King *Edward's* Reign, she did not doubt but she would be as kind to her now, in securing for her her Jewels, and other rich Things, which therefore she had now brought with her, to put into her Hands, as a Place of Security, that she might have 'em ready against a Time of Need.

Mrs. *Blague* seem'd to commiserate her Condition very much, telling her

she

she was very sorry to see such a sad Turn of the Times ; and that little Good could be expected from such a bloody Monster as the Protector ; but whatever she left in her Hands, she might depend upon't, should be very safe ; and that herself and all she had, should be always welcome to her House ; for she should never forget the Kindness she had shew'd her when she was in Power, with several other large protestations of an intire Frendship and Fidelity. This designed Hypocrite, Mrs. *Blague*, (who was the first Authoress and Cause o this poor Gentlewoman's Ruin, by first persuading, and afterwards betraying her into the embraces of King *Edward*) having by her fair speeches got all her Jewels, Plate, and Cloaths, into her Hands did in the Time of her Affliction and distres which followed shortly after, treat her with the most barbarous Usage that ever Woman met with ; for coming to her, when all she had was feiz'd on by King *Richard*'s order, and desiring to have some of her Jewels to make a little Money on, she not only de-

deny'd that ever she receiv'd any of her but call'd her filthy Strumpet, Whore, and Cheat ; asking her if she came to put Tricks upon her ; With other base opprobrious Speeches ; and threatening that she'd have her whipt, if ever she came there again, thrusting her out of Doors, without so much as giving her a Piece of Bread, altho' she begged it of her. And certainly to one of such a generous Temper as *Jane* had been, nothing could make a greater or more deep Impression, than such a barbarous Treatment : I cannot therefore blame her, when she afterwards gave to king *Richard's* officers, upon her being examin'd where 'twas she had dispos'd her Jewels, and other Things, a true Account where they were all dispos'd ; upon which they immediately repair'd to *Mrs. Blague's*, demanding them of her : But she serv'd them as she had done *Jane Shore*, denyed that she never had them, alledging, that they never were brought to her, and therefore desired them to trouble her no further : Which Answer, tho' it was all *Jane Shore*

Shore could get, yet the King's Officers would not be satisfied so : But having Power on their side, they enter'd in and search'd the House, and breaking open all her Trunks and Drawers, and finding of them by that means, they made it Crime enough in her to have deny'd them ; and therefore as an Accomplice of *Jane Shore*, they clear'd the House of all that e'er she had, and seizing upon her Estate besides, left her almost as miserable as they had made *Jane Shore* : And then her Conscience brought to mind her Black Ingratitude, which made her Sufferings appear just and Right, and which she had so very well deserv'd.

Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime,
And of all Sins the most accurst crime:
For who can think that Human Nature can,
Breed such a Monster as th' ungrateful Man :
Who does against his Benefactor sin,
Leat Men should think he has oblig'd been.
On him his Friend still loses all his Cost ;
For every Favour shew'd to him as lost ;
Nay, more than that, which is a greater shame ;
'Ten't only lost, but he forgets the same :
Nay, does for Kindness, Spite and Mischief show,
Which is the greatest Hight the Devil can go.

But

But I'll no more enlarge upon this plague,
But wish all such be serv'd as Mrs. Blague.

But to return from this Digression, the Duke of Gloucester having pretended that Jane Shore was engag'd in a Plot against him, that he might the better hide the Plot himself had laid against his two innocent Nephews and the Crown, sent his Officers to the Lord Hastings's House to search for her; where she was but newly comeback from carrying her belongings to Mrs. Blague's, as has been before related; and having seized her, and stript her of all she had, he caused her to appear before the Ecclesiastical Court, whereby a special Order from his highness, she was adjudged to do Penance for her notorious Adultries committed with King Edward the Fourth, and afterwards with the Lord Hastings, with whom she had also plotted the Destruction of his Highness the Lord Protector of the King and Kingdom, and this Penance that she was to perform, was done in this manner: She was stript of all her Apparel,

havidg only on her Smock, and over that
a white Sheet, and in one Hand a ligh-
ted Taper of Wax, and in the other a
Cross; in which Posture she walked
bare-legg'd and bare-foot, all through
Cheapside and *Lumbard-street*, with a
Crowd of people to behold her; she
looking so very lovely and Charming,
even in this penitent Dress, that she
was belov'd by some, and pitied by
others, and her hard Fate lamented by
all; except such as had engaged in
Richard's accursed Designs: This pub-
licke Penance of hers at that Time be-
ing enjoyned her, not so much as a
Punishment for her Sins, as to amuse
the Minds of the People, that they
might not busy themselves about those
secret and treasonable Designs that were
carrying on at Court, for the Destru-
ction of the youngest King and his
Brother, and the setting of the Crown
upon that Monster's Head, which soon
after follow'd.

And therefore it was not enough that
Jane Shore was thus forced to do pub-
licke Penance, but the Tyrant immedi-
ately

ately puts forth a severe proclamation against her, imploring, That whereas it was notoriously known, that Jane Shore had for several Years liv'd in open adultery with the late King *Edward*, to the high Dishonour of Almighty God, and to the Shame and Reproach of Honesty and Virtue, and to the great Grief of all good Christians, and to the Impoverishment of the King and Realm, and the diminishing of the Revenues of the Crown, which she at her Pleasure bestow'd and lavish'd away, by enriching her own Friends and Relations, contrary to the Laws of the Land: It was therefore declar'd, That where-ever such Money, Plate, Jewels or Things were given away by her, it should be forthwith seiz'd again to the King's Use: And further, That as a just Punishment for those notorious Crimes, and also for engaging with the late Lord *Hastings* and Others, by Secrecy and Witchcraft to take away the Life of the Right Noble and Illustrious *Richard Duke of Gloucester*, Protector of the King and Kingdom, that they might the better compass the Ends upon the Young King and his Ro-

al Brother it was therefore strictly prohibited to all Persons whatsoever on Pain of Death and Confiscation of all their Goods and Chattels, neither to harbour her, the said *Jane Shore*, to their Houses, nor to relieve her with Food or rayment.

This was a home Stroke indeed, and it would have been more Charity to have taken and hang'd her than thus to have condemn'd her to starve alive, which was the Design of this cruel Proclamation. So that the poor and miserable Woman was forced to wander up and down in a miserable and disconsolate manner, seeking in Fields and Hedges for Food to sustain her Life; and when they would afford her none, she would then search the Dunghills, where (when she was known to come) some Bones with more Meat than usual, would be thrown on purpose for her by some that pity'd her, but durst not be seen to relieve her. And yet in this poor Condition the miserable Wretch liv'd for some time, through the secret Charity of well disposed Persons.

But after this, wicked Duke of Gloucester

ceſter, had ſo far carry'd his Point, that he was crowned King, and had cauſed his two Royal Nephews to be murthered; it ſo happened that *Jane Shore* going by the Houſe of a certain Baker that had receiv'd a particular Kindneſſ from her formerly; (for he having been condemn'd to die for being concerned in a Riot in King *Edward's* Days, ſhe got his Pardon freely) this Baker ſeeing her go by, looking thin and meager, and ready to perish, he had ſo gratefull a Remembrance of her former Kindneſſ, that he could not forbear (notwithſtanding the Proclamation) from taking a Penny Loaf, and trundling it after her: Which ſhe thankfully took up, and blessed him, with Tears in her Eyes, it being to her an acceptable Present. But it prov'd a costly one to the poor Baker; for ſome of his malicious Neighbours having ſeen it (for Envy always has a Lynx's Eye) informed against the charitable Man: and the inexorable Tyrant cauſ'd him to be hang'd for not obeying his cruel Proclamation: And 'twould have been a Mer

cy to *Jane Shore*, if he had also hanged her with him. For the poor Baker's Execution so terrify'd the People, that they durst afford her no Relief. So that in piteous Rags, hardly enough to hide her Nakedness, she went about a most deplorable and truely miserable and wretched Spectacle, wringing her Hands, and sadly lamenting and be-moaning her dismal and unhappy Condition.

And here, methinks, I cannot but look back a little, and reflect upon the strange and amazing Change of worldly Glory, and indeed of all worldly Things: They that had seen *Jane Shore* in the arms of King *Edward*, the Chief in favour, smiling on whom she smil'd, and frowning where she frowned; her chamber, like another Court of Requests, being always crowded with Petitioners; could never have believed they could ever have seen her neglected, born'd, vilify'd, and reduc'd to that Degree of Poverty and Want, that to have had the Liberty of Begging, would have been esteem'd a mighty Happiness:

ness: Sure it must be extreamly surprizing, that she who was served in Plate, and treated with the costliest Viands, that either Art or Nature could procure, or Water, Earth, or Air produce; that she, I say, should ever be reduc'd to that extream Degree of Misery, as to be forc'd to sit upon a Dunghill, and glad to eat the Refuse of the Dogs.

Thus as the Prince of Poets, *Virgil*, tells us,

*New turns and chances every Day,
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts;
Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes embraces nauiseats you, and parts:
But if she stays, or if she goes,
The wise Man little Joy, or little sorrows shows:
For over all, there hangs a double Fate,
And few there are, who'er always fortunate.
One gains, by what another is bereft,
The frugal Destinies have only left,
A common Bank of Happiness below,
Maintain'd like nature by an Ebb and Flow:
A strange Vicissitude of human Fate,
Still altering, never in a steady State.*

But to return to *Jane Shore*: That she lived like a *Camelion*, almost upon nothing but Air, all the Time of King *Richard*, yet she made a Shift (tho' but a very poor one) to survive that Tyrant, who being slain fighting in *Bosworth-field*, (too honourable Death for such a bloody Villain) his wretched Corps being stripp'd naked and bloody, was laid upon a Horle, like a Calf, and carried to *Leicester*, where it was for two Days expos'd to the View of the People, and after buried in the *Grey-Fryers* Monastery in that Town. This Tyrant's Death gave a small Respite to *Jane Shore*'s Miseries; for people then were not afraid to give her Relief; and tho' she was still forc'd to beg, yet this was a great Kindness to her, that People might bestow their Charity upon her, without Fear. But this was but like a little reviving before Death: For *Henry the Seventh* (who succeeded *Richard the Third*) having married *Elizabeth*, the eldest Daughter of King *Edward the Fourth*, who hated *Jane Shore*, as much as her Father loved her, pro-

cur'd another Proclamation against *Jane Shore*, forbidding her to be relieved : Which again forced her to wander up and down naked and helpless, and in as miserable a Condition as before. So that now being destitute even of Hope itself, (the only Comfort of the Miserable) and growing Old withal, she finished her wretched Life in a Ditch ; which from her Dying in it, does to this Day retain the Name of *Shore's Ditch* : However tho' her Sufferings in this World were exceeding great, and rendered her a truly miserable Object, yet were they a Means of bringing her to a Sight of her Sins, and a true Repentance for them ; as appears by her dying Lamentation ; with which I conclude her Life.

Jane Shore's Lamentation at her Death.

Cood People, tho' by the Rigor of
Gthe Laws you are forbid to give me
any Relief, yet you may pity my distress-
ed State, for the Scripture tells us, *That*
to the Miserable, Pity be shew'd ; And
that,

that, and your Prayers is all I now ask for: For I am now putting a Period to a miserable Life; a Life which I have long been weary of. Nor is't my distressed Circumstances only makes me so much long for Death, I would not live again, although I were to live as I have done before, in all that Glory, Pomp, and Pleasures of King *Edward's* Court: No, I am happier now upon this Dunghill than I was ever in his Princely Arms. For, O, 'twas an adulterous Bed indeed, a Bed of Sorrow it has been to me, and filled me with unutterable Griefs: O wretched, that er'e I knew King *Edward*! That e're I was betray'd to his Embraces: What Floods of Sorrow has my Sin occasioned! But Tears can never wash my Sins away! O learn from me good People, to be weary of vain Delights and flesh pleasing of Joys: they promise fair, but leave such Stings behind 'em, as will eternally torment the Soul, and drag it down to everlasting Punishments; Alas! you think my Punishment is grievous here in this World, and so it is indeed; for I've endured a

Thousand Deaths in one, a thousand Deaths, and yet I could not die: But now, my dying Moment's come, and I rejoice therein. Sincere Repentance has secur'd my Peace with Heaven above, against whom I have sinned! But O! where true Repentance is not given, what Seas of torments wrack and drown the Soul! O happy Dunghill, how do I embrace thee! From thee my pardon'd Soul shall soar to Heaven, tho' in this Ditch I leave my filthy and polluted Carcass. O, that the Name of *Shore* may be an Antidote to stop the poisonous and foul Contagion of raging Lust for ever!

Look not upon the gilded Baits of Sin,
For that the Ruin of *Jane Shore* has been,

Leaving by her Example this Truth
to Posterity;

*How so'e're we are, yet without doubt,
Or first or last, our Sins will find us out.*

A S O N G of the supposed Ghost of
Shore's Wife.

To the Tune of, Live with me, &c.



Dame Nature's Darling let me be,
The Map of sad Calamity ;

For

For never none like Shore's fair Wife,
 Had badder End, nor better Life ;
 For I had all the Royal Graces,
 Of Edward's Love, and sweet Embraces.

He being dead, my Joys did die,
 And I grew hateful in each Eye ;
 Which made me thus complain and say,
 The fairest Flower will fade away :
 So I did trust too much the Smiles
 Of wand'ring Time's bewitching Guiles.

From noble Blood I had no Birth,
 My Heritage six Foot of Earth ;
 Tho' made but of the meanest Mould,
 Yet Fortune gave me Gifts of Gold,
 And fin'd my Face with Favours fair,
 Like Phoebus in the azur'd Air.

My Shape was seemly to each Sight,
 My Eyes in Looks were proved light ;
 My Countenance had sober Grace,
 Nor gave my Heart a Lover's Place ;
 Yet Woe is me, excepting this,
 My King did win me to amiss.

If Kind had made me Black or Brown,
 I then had liv'd in good Renown :
 But woe is me, my Peacock's Pride,
 Did show a Face as it was dy'd.

*With nature's blushing Tapſery,
Which mov'd and lik'd a princely Eye.*

*I was entic'd by Trains of Trust,
A King did love, consent I muſt :
And ſo my Youth did run aſtray,
To be a Prince's wanton Prey :
Then try that Lift, and they ſhall prove
The ripeſt Wits will ſooner love.*

*What need I more myſelf to clear,
Promotion blindeth Shame and Fear ;
A King did win me to his Call,
A Hope, that Women ſeek for All ;
For ſuch Mijdoubts, not following Harms,
Which lie and ſleep in Princes Arms.*

*The Nightingale with merry Voice,
Doth make the Hearers all rejoice ;
So with the Lark I ſtill did ſing,
Sweet wanton Muſick to my King ;
And temper'd ſo my moving Tongue,
That at his Bosom ſtill I hung.*

*My Gestures, Talk, and modeſt Grace,
Did bring my King in ſuch a Caſe,
That I became his chiefest Hand,
And govern'd him that rul'd this Land :
I bore the Sword, he wore the Crown ;
I ſtruck the Stroke, but he caſt down.*

If

If I did frown, he look'd awry,
 If I but speak, none durst deny :
 If I did smile, he sought aright,
 And would with smiles, my smiles requite :

And hereupon I built my Bower,
 And thought my sweet wou'd ne'er turn
 sower.

*My Fortune went beyond my Skill,
 For I had health and Ease at Will :
 With Robes more braver than the Sun,
 So did my Fortune's Glass still run :*

*That in these earthly Pleasures clad,
 A prince'y Place a Time I had.*

*At last this bliss was turn'd to hate,
 And all my Fortunes 'gan to fall
 For I was brought to Sorrows Bands
 Which made me weep and wring my Hands,
 When Edward dy'd, my chief Joy
 Was chang'd to Care and sad Annoy,*

*My King intomb'd and laid in Ground,
 I was beset with Sorrows round,
 And slanders falsely raised, That I
 Gave Poison to his Majesty ;
 Which mortal Hate, and Cruel Spite,
 Bereft me of my Fortune quite.*

*The Lord protector being then,
 My Foe, and worst of living Man,*

He judg'd me soon to live in shame,
Though I deserv'd no such like Blame:

A Penance took by his Command,
With burning Taper in my Hand.

As wandring Eyes star'd on my Face,
Meek Patience lent me modest Grace,
That I was prais'd of every Man,
Whilst shame fac'd Blood my Cheeks down ran:
Ten Thousand said, with sober Cheer,
It was a Grief to see me there.

My Penance pas'd the Tyrant's Mind,
To further Mischief was inclin'd;
He spoil'd my Goods, and gave command,
That none my succ'ring Friend should stand,
And being left thus bare and poor,
I begg'd for Food from Door to Door.

Being thus cast down from princely fare,
Of Alms to take an hungry share,
The Crumbs that fell from Blind and Lame,
To pick them up, I did me frame;
And thus by Prayer, and heav'd up Palms,
I was enforc'd to live by Alms.

The Golden Chains I wont to wear,
Were chang'd to Rags, both thin and bare;
I had no House to bide my Head,
The streets and stalls my nightly Bed:

My

*My Flesh consum'd was like a Corpse,
Yet none of me must have Remorse.*

*At last thus ended this my Life ;
Examples take both Maid and Wife :
For wanton Ways deceiv'd me,
Though boulster'd out by Majesty.*

*The Time will change, says dying Shore.
If thou misdo, offend no more.*



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